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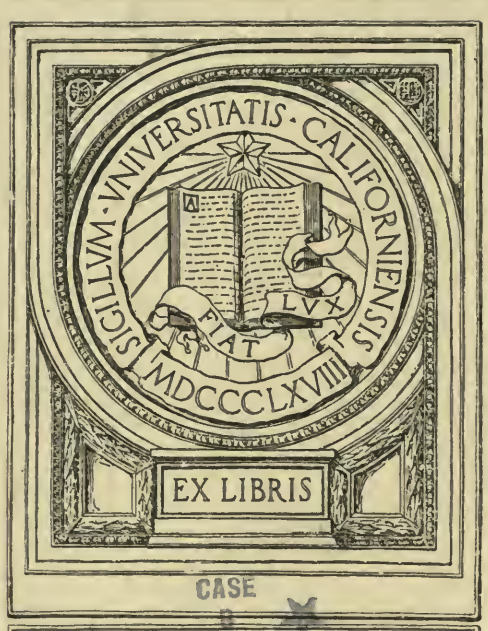


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# The Trial of Chivalry

*Date of Earliest Known Edition* . . 1605

[*B.M. and Dyce Bequest, South Kensington*]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Trial of Chivalry

1605

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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# The Trial of Chivalry

1605

*This facsimile has been reproduced chiefly from the B.M. copy. This, however, is imperfect and lacks the title page and the last three pages. These have been supplied from the Dyce copy at South Kensington.*

*A re-issue of the 1605 edition appeared in the same year as "The Gallant Cavaliero Dick Bowyer," with the old title still preserved in the headlines.*

*The title and other pages reproduced from the Dyce copy are in all respects well executed, and Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing the rest of this facsimile with the original copy, reports that there is very little indeed to which to raise any exception whatever.*

*JOHN S. FARMER.*

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# THE HISTORY of the tryall of Cheualry,

With the life and death of Caua-
*liero Dicke Bowyer.*

As it hath bin lately acted by the right
*Honourable the Earle of Darby his*
seruants.

LONDON

Printed by Simon Stafford for Nathaniel Butter,
and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-
yard, neere S. Austens gate. 1605.

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# The Hiſtorie of the triall of Cheualry.

*Enter* Lewes, *King of France*, Philip *his ſonne*, Katharina, *his daughter*, Rodorick, *and* Flaunders *with Drum & colours, and ſoldiers at one dore: at the other, enter* Nauar, Ferdinād, Bellamira, *and the Earle of* Pembrooke, *and* Burbon.

DVke *Rodorick*, and my noble cozen *Flaunders*,
Are your Battalions ready for the charge?
*Rod.* Ten thouſand men of Orleance I commaund,
And thoſe are brauely marſhald on the playn,
Ready to be commaunded by your Highneſſe.
*Flaund.* As many of the warlike brood of *Mars*
Doe call me Generall: thoſe, my gracious Lord,
Together with my ſelfe I recommend,
To be commaunded by your Maieſty. (thanks,
*Lew.* Thanks, Earle of Flaunders, Duke of Orleance,
What lets vs that we charge not on the Foe?
*Nauar.* My Lord of Pembrooke, are your Engliſhmen
Squadron'd with ours, and ready for the charge?
*Pem.* The French and Engliſh make one warlike body,
Whereof your Highneſſe is the mouing head:
Or peace, or warre, as pleaſeth you direct.
*Nau.* Then war; and giue the ſignall through the Hoſt.
*Lew.* Nauar, Nauar, ſubmiſſion were more meete,
Then to adde bloud to wrong.
*Nau.* What wrong, King *Lewes*?
The Kingdome of Nauar we will acknowledge
To hold of none but of the King of Kings.
*Lew.* Three hundred yeres preſcription's on our ſides;
So long thy Anceſtors by fealty
Haue held thy Kingdome of the Crowne of France.
*Pem.* Talke not of yeres, yeres limit not a Crowne;
There's no preſcriptions to inthrall a King:

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He finds it written in the Rowles of time,
Nauar's a Kingdome ſolely abſolute,
And by colluſion of the Kings of France,
Becauſe it lies ſo fitly vpon France,
The people ſpeaking all one mother toung,
It hath bin wreſted for a Royalty,
Vntruly due vnto the Crowne of France.
That *Pembrook* ſpeaks the truth, behold my ſword,
Which ſhall approue my words ſubſtantiall.
*Rod.* *Pembrooke*, you are too plaine in your diſcourſe.
*Bur.* I tell thee, *Rodoricke*, *Pembrooke* ſoldier-like
Hath truely opened, what ten thouſand liues
Will hardly doe, if warre be made the Iudge.
*Ro.* If war be Iudge? why, ſhallow-witted *Burbon*,
Who ſhall decide this difference, but war?
Hath not the Iudge put on his Scarlet Robe?
Is not the field prepar'd? our men in armoure?
The Trumpets ready for the ſound of death?
And nothing hinders vs but our owne words?
Leaue idle parley, my dread ſoueraigne Lord,
And ſoone reſolue the Duke in fire and ſmoke,
That he maintaines a title falſe and forg'd,
And that *Nauar* is a vſurping Lord.
*Na.* On that ile hazzard all theſe valiant liues.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, make King *Lewes* know,
He makes his beſt friend proue his greateſt foe.
*Lew.* Why pauſe our drums? our trūpets, ſpeak as lowd,
Till the bright ayre be made a purple cloud.
*Phil.* Pauſe, gracious father.
*Ferd.* Noble father, pauſe.
Let *Ferdinand* thy ſonne ſo far preuayle,
That peace, not war, may end this difference.
*Bel.* For *Bellamira's* ſake, abſtayne from war.
*Phil.* *Philip*, thy ſonne, humbly deſires a peace.
Let not my father ſheathe his warlike ſword
Within the bowels of his Countreymen.

*Kath.* Thy

*Kath.* Thy daughter *Katharina* prayes the like.
*Nau.* From whence proceeds this ſudden ſound of peace?
Comes it from me? what, from my *Ferdinand*?
From *Bellamira* my ſweet ſecond ſelfe?
*Lew.* Or rather comes it (*Lewes*) from thy ſoule?
Thy *Philip*, the true Image of thy ſelfe?
Thy *Katharina*, thy heart's chiefeſt ioy?
*Rod.* Princes, you aske, you know not what your ſelues.
*Pem.* *Rodorick*, they aske a ſweet and pleaſing boone.
*Rod.* Why, they aske peace, and we are ſet for war.
*Fer.* Tis a bad peace exceeds not a iuſt war.
*Phil.* We will not riſe from this ſubmiſſiue ground,
Till we obtayne, if not a peace, a truce.
*Fer.* Nor ſhall our feet bee guilty of new ſteps,
Till I obtayne a truce from murdering war.
*Lew.* Shew me ſome reaſon (ſonne) for this demaund.
*Nau.* Shew me ſome reaſon (children) for this prayer.
*Fer.* I loue the daughter of thine enemy.
Fayre *Katharina* hath inthrall'd my heart.
*Phil.* I loue the daughter of thine enemy,
Fayre *Bellamira* hath inthrald my heart.
*Pem.* Is loue the cauſe? then wherfore wage we war?
What matter iſt who weares both Diadems,
When the Succeſſion liues in eythers heyre?
If *Ferdinand* be crownd King of Nauar,
Fayre *Katharina* ſhalbe crownd his Queene:
If *Philip* weare the Diadem of France,
Fayre *Bellamira*, made his louely Queene,
Swayes halfe the Scepter. See what heauen can doe,
Prouide for peace, euen in the iawes of war!
*Kat.* How ſweetly doth the Earle of Pembrooke ſpeake!
Now, truſt me, I am rauiſht with his voyce.
*Lew.* What ſayes *Nauar*? what, iſt war or peace?
*Na.* A truce for three moneths, ſo it pleaſe your Highnes;
During which time our children ſhall haue leaue,
With Drum and Trumpet to ſurueigh the Campe,

To Court our daughters, and to feaſt themſelues,
As fits the ſonnes of honourable foes:
And if it proue a match betweene them both,
There end all difference, Ile bequeath my Crowne,
As a rich offering to their nuptiall Rites.
*Lew.* Here, ſtrike the truce vpon my kingly hand,
Which is as ſurely ratified in this,
As by the teſtimoniall of a world.
So now, for three moneths ſpace all warres ſurceaſe,
Our thoughts are wholy fixt on loue and peace. *Exeunt.*
*Manent* Rodorick, *and* Burbon.
*Rod.* Zounds, here's a truce made vp by miracle.
*Burb.* Ile croſſe it by a wily ſtratageme.
*Rod.* What ſtratageme?
*Burb.* By loue to *Bellamira.*
Oh could I diue into the Princes heart,
By any inſinuation ne're ſo baſe,
How eaſily might I effect my plot,
To make the Kingdome of Nauarre mine owne.
'Twere but a dram or ſo vnto the ſonne,
And a ſmall thing would ſend the old man hence.
What, noble *Rodorick*, to gayne a Crowne,
A Duke would doe much.
*Rod.* More then poyſon two:
But you, my Lord, forget your ſelfe too farre;
Know you to whom you haue diſcloſde your heart?
*Burb.* Why, to the Duke of Orleance.
*Rod.* The deare friend of *Lewes* the French King.
*Burb.* King me no Kings,
Although we ſeeme to be of ſeuerall ſides,
*Rodorick*, we loue together like true friends.
This Truce giues ayme to our intention:
Aſſiſt me (worthy *Orleance*) to effect,
Firſt, my deſired loue, and next the Crowne.
*Rod. Peter de Lions* is your Lordſhip's ſeruant,
A boone companion, and a luſty Knaue:

He

He is in loue with *Bellamiraes* mayd,
And by that loue he may beſtead your Highneſſe,
More then your beſt friends in your beſt deſignes.
Call him forth. *Enter Peter.*

*Burb.* What *Peter.* *Pet.* Here, my Lord.

*Burb.* Why doſt thou looke ſo wildly?

*Pet.* Not with drinke, nor yet with rage.

*Rod.* His lookes are wild with loue.

*Pet.* With loue ſurreuerence? can there be a face
In all the world patcht vp with eyes and lips,
A forhead, and a payre of Crimſon cheeks,
To make me doat on, to make me looke wilde?

*Rod.* Come, come, tis knowne that you loue *Thomaſin.*

*Pet,* Zounds, they that know that, know my heart & all;
I haue not the power to deny it, tis moſt true.

*Burb.* And tis moſt true that I loue *Bellamira*:
Now if thou art in fauour of thy wench,
Many a meeting thou mayſt helpe me to,
And learne beſides what ſutors ſeeke her loue,
And whom ſhe moſt affects. Theſe things once knowne,
Twere worth a Dukedome, *Peter.*

*Pet.* Sblood, giue me a Dukedome, and ile warrant you
The knowledge of theſe things ten times o're.

*Rod.* Theres Angels for thee, *Peter*, thinke on them,
And doe thy beſt to helpe thy maſter's loue.
Well, howſoeuer I ſmooth it to the Duke,
My thoughts are bent on his deſtruction. (for you.

*Pet.* You haue my heart in your purſe, ile doe any thing

*Fur.* And thou ſhalt want no gold, & ſo farwel. *Exeunt.*

*Pet.* I cannot chuſe but farewell, and haue the good Angels to comfort me; yet I am melancholy. Heeres gold to make me merry; O but (hey ho) heres loue to make me ſad. To auoyd prolixity; I am croſt with a Sutor, that wants a piece of his toung, and that makes him come liſping home: they call him *Caualiero Bowyer*, he will haue no nay, but the wench. By theſe hilts, ſuch another ſwaſh-Buckler liues not

in the nyne quarters of the world: why, he came ouer with the Earle of Pembrooke; and he limps, and he limps, & he deuoures more French ground at two paces, thē will ſerue *Thomaſin* at nineteene. If euer he ſpeake French, to auoyd prolixity, he will murder the toung. Ile prouide for him, theres but ſmall choice, either he ſhall renounce the wēch, or forſake his lame legs, his liſping toung, and his life to for by S. *Denis*, I had rather dye in a ditch, then be bob'd of my fayre *Thomaſin*. *Exit.*

*Enter at one dore* Philip *and* Rodorick, *a Drummer before thē, with his Drum at his back: at the other dore,* Ferdinand *and* Pembrooke *with their Drummer.*

*Ferd.* Whither goes royall *Philip* thus prepar'd?
*Phil.* On what aduenture goes Prince *Ferdinand*?
*Fer.* To conquer all the world, fayre *Katharine*,
Whoſe beauty in mine eye ſurmounts it far.
Vertue and loue conducts me to your ſiſter.
*Phil.* On the like voyage are my fortunes bound,
I goe to winne thy ſiſter.
*Ferd.* Some fayre Starre,
On our great hopes ſhine fayre and debonaire.
*Pem.* Amen, ſayth *Pembrooke*.
*Rod.* Amen, ſayth *Rodoricke*.
*Ferd.* This way my Loue dwels.
*Phil.* In this ayre breathes mine.
*Both.* Farewell.
*Phil.* Prince *Ferdinand*, if theſe croſſe loues
Enioy a wiſht ſucceſſe, peace here ſhall dwell.
*Ferd.* And we be friendly Brothers.
*Phil.* True.
*Both.* Farewell. *Exeunt Philip, and Rodoricke.*
*Pem.* Pity ſuch true loue, which like bleſſed ſeed,
Sowne in ſuch fertile ſoyle, his princely breſt,
By the rough ſtormy brow and winters hate

Of

Of aduerſe parents ſhould be timeleſſe nipt,
And dye e're it attayne maturity:
For I haue heard, the Princeſſe whom he ſerues,
Is hotely courted by the Duke of Burbon,
Who to effect his choyce, hath in theſe warres
Furniſht your father with a gallant power:
His loue may haply then diſable *Philips*.
*Fer.* O no; my father doth affect the Prince:
Beſides, my ſiſter's heart is ſo combin'd
To his in perfect loue, that *Burbon's* hate,
Nor all the world that knot can ſeparate.
Then ſorrow not for him, but turne the ſtreame
Of gentle pity on thy wretched friend,
Within whoſe boſome loue hath kindled fire,
So ardent, that the flames will bury me.
*Philip* is throned in my ſiſter's eyes:
But in my loue diſdayne and hatred lyes.
*Pem.* Doth ſhe not pay true kindneſſe with the like?
*Fer.* As ſtepdames, orphanes, night, the cleer-fac't day,
So doth ſhe hate me, and returne my woes,
Like a ſteeld Anuill backward on my ſelfe.
She is all hate, yet ſuch a louely foe,
That I muſt kiſſe the ſword that wounds me ſo.
*Pem.* Interre theſe thoughts, this is her father's tent.
Drum, giue a friendly ſummons to the King.
*Fer.* Forbeare a while (deare *Pembrooke*:) by our vowes,
Which in the booke of heauen are regiſtred,
By all the rightes of friendſhip, by that loue
Thou bear'ſt thy natiue Countrey, I coniure thee,
This day to be the Trumpet of my worth,
To ſpeake the paſsions of thy grieued friend,
To *Katharine's* eares, till thoſe pure Iuory gates,
Pearſt with the volley of thy battring words,
Giue way to my laments to touch her heart:
For this haue I extracted thee from many,
Made thee my fellow Pilgrim to her ſhrine,

Knowing thy thoughts from loues Religion free,
When my prayers fayle, thy tongue may plead for me.
*Pem.* Muſt I be ſpokesman? *Pembrooke* plead for loue?
Whoſe toung tunde to the Inſtruments of war,
Neuer knew ſtraine of fancy on my breath:
Affection neuer dwelt, but war and death.
But if thou lou'dſt to haue thy ſoldiers fight,
Or hearten the ſpent courages of men,
*Pembrooke* could vſe a ſtile inuincible.
Lou'dſt thou a towne, Ide teach thee how to woo her,
With words of thunder-bullets wrapt in fire,
Till with thy Cannon battry ſhe relent,
And humble her proud heart to ſtoop to thee.
Or if not this, then mount thee on a Steed,
Whoſe courage neuer awde an yron Bit,
And thou ſhalt heare me hollow to the beaſt,
And with commaunding accents maſter him:
This Courtſhip *Pembrooke* knowes; but idle loue,
The ſlicke-fac't obiect of an amorous brayne,
Did neuer clothe mine eye-balls, neuer taught
This toung inurde to broyles and ſtratagems,
The paſſionate language of a troubled heart:
I am too blunt and rude for ſuch nice ſeruice.
Yet ſince my friend inioynes me to this taske,
Take courage, ile both ſpeake, plead, woo for thee,
And when I want fit words to moue her mind,
Ile draw my ſword, and ſweare ſhe muſt be kind.
Drummer report our preſence to the King.

*A parley, and anſwered. Enter France, Flaunders, and attendants.*

*Lew.* Prince *Ferdinand*, and honour'd Engliſh *Pembrooke*,
Now by S. *Denis*, welcome. One runne ſtraight,
And giue our daughter notice of theſe gheſts.
What man, we know you come prepar'd to woo:

To

To woo, to winne; now by our ſacred life,
We wiſh in ſoule our daughter were your wife.
Our ſonne is with your ſiſter, faire hap wayt:
For peace or war liues in your loue or hate.
Welcome once more; firſt, weele go ſee your loue,
After, to banquet, and from thence to woo.
Be merry, then weele ſhare a friendly part,
But you ſhall tryumph in our daughters heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Katharina, *her man* Bowyer, *and a Paynter.*

*Kath.* See that the Tent be ready furniſhed.
By this, my father and thoſe Lords are met,
Mongſt whom, the noble *Pembrooke*, like the Sunne,
Out-ſhines the borrowed glory of the reſt:
And well I may compare him to the Sunne,
That but once lookt vpon with his fayre ſhape,
Hath dazled my poore ſences, and left me blind.
But, ſirra, where's the man I bade you bring?
*Bow.* If you can iudge of colours (Madam) this is he.
Paynter, ſtand forth.
*Kath.* An earneſt cauſe (my friend) importunes me,
Wherein I am to craue thy cunningſt Arte.
*Payn.* Such as it is, you may commaund, faire Princeſſe.
*Kath.* But are thy colours freſh? thy penſill ſmoothe?
Thy hand vnwauering? and thy head diſlodg'd
Of all vnquiet, harſh incumbrances?
For thou muſt draw proportion of thoſe parts,
Whoſe worth to tell, my toung wants vtterance.
*Payn.* Feare you not (Madam) I am well prepar'd.
*Kat.* Then hither ſtrait with youthfull *Ferdinand*,
*Nauar's* ſtout ſonne, there comes an Engliſh Knight,
*Pembrooke* they call him, honourably borne:
Him (whilſt we are in conference) thou ſhalt marke,
And to the life ſet downe his counterfet.

Nor is it needfull I ſhould ſhew him thee,
The goodlieſt perſon in the traine, that's he:

*Bow.* Let me alone to giue the Paynter deſtruction, I know him as well as the Begger knowes his diſh: he weares a white Scarfe in his hat, and an Orange tawny feather vpon his arme.

*Kath.* Foole, indirectly thou deſcrib'ſt another:
Thats Prince *Navar*, *Pembrooke* his plume is Azure,
A little intermixt with ſpotleſſe white,
Preſiguring the temper of the Sky,
With whoſe hye motion his great mind doth moue.

*Bow.* Orange tawny and Azure, all's one, all is but feather; there is no difference I am ſure but in colour.

*Kath.* Why, thats as much as may be, is it not?

*Bow.* Not ſo; ile proue the contrary: You are fayre, and I am foule; is that all the difference betweene you and I? there's another thing in it, if you marke it well.

*Kath.* I prythee peace, and with thy ignorance
Draw not the Paynter likewiſe into errour.
Here, take thy ſtand, thou knowſt him by theſe markes
I lately ſpake of: ſeeme to excell thine Arte,
And I will ſtudy to requite thy paynes.

*Enter Lewes, Ferdinand, Pembrooke, Rodericke, and Flaunders.*

*Lew.* Thus did the Greeks, when they begirt the walles
Of ſtrong built Troy, ſometimes with friendly cheeke
Entertayne peace, and ſpend their frollick houres,
In courtly feaſting of each other foe.
Welcome (young *Ferdinand*) I promiſe you,
It cheeres my ſpirit we doe imbrace you here,
And welcome too (braue Lord) we cannot ſay,
As if we were in Paris; we might ſay,
Your viands ſhall be coſtly: but preſume,
Such as the Camp affords, weele haue the beſt.
Daughter, I prythee bid them welcome.

*Kath.* My

*Kath.* My Lord, I doe
That with the Congy of a bended knee:
But this with my true hearts loyalty.
Lords, you are welcome, by my father's leaue.
*Lew.* Why, now thou doſt content thy father, *Kate*,
When wholy vnto merryment inclin'd,
Thou anſwerſt with like ſimpathy of mind.
*Fer.* But yet her lookes are haggard and obſcure,
Which makes me doubtfull ſheele not ſtoop to lure.
*Lew.* Princes, let's enter: come, Ile lead the way:
The feaſt is mine, you are my gheſts this day.
*Fer.* Now *Pembrooke*, ſhew thy friendſhips true effect,
Obtayne her loue, my life thou ſhalt protect. *Exeunt.*
*Kat.* He ſtayes behind the reſt; O happy houre!
Worke on (ſweet Paynter) to inrich mine eye
With that, which els procures my tragedy.
*Pem.* Fayre Madam, in this confluence of ſweet ioy,
When euery one reſorts vnto the feaſt,
Me thinkes you ſhould not thus retyre alone,
As ſeeming, your beſt fare were heauy mone.
*Kat.* I am not (Sir) alone, nor do I ſtarue
My appetite with any wil-full faſt;
I haue a banquet of ſweet pleaſing thoughts,
That is more precious then the coſtlieſt feaſt.
*Pem.* But at your father's boord there ſits a gheſt,
To whom the cup of *Ganimede* will ſeeme
But iuice of Hemlocke; and the daintieſt diſh,
As much vnſauory as the Pomice ſtone,
Vnleſſe your preſence ſeaſon his delight.
*Kat.* I am ſory I want skill to ſerue his dyet,
I haue not bin inſtructed to ſuch end.
*Pem.* But I wil teach you (Madam) if you pleaſe.
*Kat.* Rather the party grieued firſt ſhould ſhew
Wherein we erre, els how can we diſcerne
What is our fault, or how we may amend?
*Pem.* That office he commits vnto my toung.

*Kat.* Is he not able then to ſpeake himſelfe?
*Pem.* Yes, Madam, I haue heard when *Ferdinand*,
With whom in Padua I was conuerſant,
So ſpake in the aſſembly of the learn'd,
With ſuch a grace and well compoſed phraſe,
As many thought graue *Tullies* eloquence
Flowed like a hony Riuer from his lips.
*Kath.* He wanteth then belike ſufficient courage.
*Pem.* Neuer liu'd Knight leſſe preiudic'd in that,
Then valiant *Ferdinand*, whom I haue ſeene,
Couch his ſtaffe Launce with ſuch dexterity,
As if the god of battell had himſelfe
Entred the Liſts, and preaſſing to the midſt
Of ſteele-compoſed troops, like lightning fly,
Till he had made a paſſage with his ſword.
*Kat.* So puiſſant in his fortitude with men,
And daunted with a ſilly womans looks?
How can that be?
*Pem.* Yes, when you weygh the force
Of your reſiſtleſſe and controwling beauty,
It is your beauty: were his power and ſpirit
Ten times more hauty ventrous then it is,
Compels it ſtoope in homage to your foot,
As trembling Lambs, when they to Lions couch.
*Kat.* 'Twas well he choſe ſo good an Orator,
To plead the imperfection of his cauſe.
*Pem.* I ſhould haue that opinion of my ſelfe,
If for my ſake your Grace would fauour him.
*Kat.* Yes, for your ſake we haue indur'd his name;
And for your ſake we tolerate his ſuite:
But when you ceaſe to ſpeake, then all that prayſe
You haue attributed to his deſert,
Seemes borrowed from your ſelfe, you are the man
Whoſe eloquence compares with *Ciceroes*.
You are the man, whoſe knightly fortitude
Liues in the world vnpreiudic'd of any.

You

You vanquiſh beauty, and inthrall the mind
Of female weakneſſe, with no leſſer awe,
Then Indian vaſſayles ſtoop vnto their Lords.
The name of *Ferdinand* you haue miſta'ne:
Say tis your ſelfe, and then your whole diſcourſe
Obſerues the perfect method that it ſhould.
*Pem.* Should I be falſe and trecherous to my friend?
I am intreated but to ſpeake for him.
*Kat.* But for your ſelfe would be more acceptable.
Oh pardon me, nor let immodeſt ſtrayne
Cleaue to my brow, my loue is chaſtely bred,
Other then *Pembrooke*, *Katharine* neuer vowes,
Shall be inthroniz'd in hermayden thoughts.
*Pem.* Miſtake me not, I ſay tis *Ferdinand*
Dyes in affection to your Deity.
*Kath.* But in affection I ſuruiue to none,
But onely *Pembrooke*.
*Pem.* Will you be eſteem'd
A cruell murdreſſe of a loyall friend?
*Kat.* Will *Pembrooke* triumph in a womans fall?
*Pem.* You anger me, reſpect young *Ferdinand*.
*Kat.* You pleaſe me not, to ſpeake of *Ferdinand*.
*Pem.* Nay, then tis time to go, or wrong my friend.
Since, Madam, what I would I cannot doe,
Mine honour here bids me leaue off to woo. *Exit.*
*Kat.* Stay, *Pembrooke*, *Katharine* will ſue to thee,
So ſhalt thou keepe thy fayth and loyalty.
*Bow.* Tary, ſir, tary, we want the length of your noſe: nay,
if you will not heare, ile be ſo bold as follow your noſe.
Sir, tary, tary. *Exit.*
*Kat.* He will not heare, nor (too vnkind) looke backe.
*Payn.* But, Madam, ſpight his heart you ſhall ſee this.
*Kat.* Giue me his picture: Image far more kind,
Then is the ſubſtance, whence thou art deriu'd!
Which way ſoeuer I diuert my ſelfe,
Thou ſeemſt to follow with a louing eye.

Thee will I therefore hold within mine armes, *Enter Ferd.*
As ſome ſmall comfort to increaſing harmes.
*Fer.* What meanes my ſecond ſelfe by this long ſtay?
I cannot reſt till I be certified,
What good or bad ſucceſſe my ſuite returnes:
But he is gone, and in faire *Katharines* hand
I ſee his picture. What may this pretend?
*Kat.* Thou haſt done well indeed, in euery part
Thou ſhewſt complete & cunning workmanſhip:
His eye, his lip, his cheeke are rightly fram'd;
But one thing thou haſt groſly ouer-ſlipt.
Where is his ſtubborne vnrelenting heart,
That lurkes in ſecret as his maſter doth,
Diſdayning to regard or pity me?
*Payn.* Madam, his heart muſt be imagined
By the deſcription of the outward parts.
*Kat.* O no; for then it would be tractable,
Mild and applauſiue as the others be.
*Fer.* No Prince, but *Pembrooke* dwels in *Katharines* eye,
*Kath.* Whoſe that diſturbs our pleaſing ſolitude.
*Fer.* Know you not me? my name is *Ferdinand*,
Whoſe faithfull loue Lord *Pembrooke* late commenc't?
*Kat.* Speake then for *Pembrooke* as he did for you,
Or els your bootleſſe ſuite will ſoone be cold.
*Fer.* Why, he was Orator in my behalfe:
If I ſhould ſpeake for him, as he for me,
Then ſhould I breathe forth his paſſions, not mine
I, I, tis ſo; the villaine, in my name, (owne.
Hath purchaſd her affection for himſelfe,
And therefore was he abſent from the feaſt:
And therefore ſhuns my ſight, and leaues behind
This counterfet, to keepe him ſtill in mind. *Enter*
Tis ſo, tis ſo; baſe Traytor, for this wrong *Bowyer.*
My ſword ſhall cut out thy perfidious toung. *Exit.*
*Bow.* I haue runne till I ſweat, ſweat till my ſhirt cleaues to my backe, cryed till I am hoarſe, and am hoarſe till I cannot

cannot cry, and yet he will not come backe.

*Kat.* No matter, fellow, I haue here a pledge, *Enter*
Which I will zealouſly deuote me to. *Lewes.*
There's thy reward, withdraw, my father comes.

*Lew.* Where are theſe Lords? the one hath ſate with me,
And ſuddenly is riſen from the boord:
The other came not at all. Daughter, ſaw you
The Prince or *Pembrooke*, which way they are gone?

*Kat.* Backe to their Tents, my Lord, as I ſuppoſe.

*Lew.* Backe to their Tents, and take no leaue of vs?
Nay, then I feare their meaning was too ſmoothe,
And ſome blacke Treaſon couer'd in their ſmiles,
Which we will ſeeke immediately to preuent. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer, and ſoldiers, with Drum and colours.*

*Bow.* Stand, giue the word along, ſtand.

*Lieu.* Stand there.

*Bow.* Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* Captayne.

*Bow.* Is the watch ſet in the King's quarter yet?

*Lieu.* An howre agoe.

*Bow.* Zounds, what fooliſh Canaanits were they, to run in debt to their eyes for an houres ſleepe, ſooner then they needed? Sergeant.

*Ser.* Anon ſir.

*Bow.* Anon ſir! s'hart, the Rogue anſwers like a Drawer: but tis the tricke of moſt of theſe Sergeants, all clincum, clancum. Gods dynes, I am an *Onyon*, if I had not rather ſerue formoſt in the forlorne hoope of a battell, or runne poynt blancke againſt the mouth of a double charged Cannon, then come vnder the arreſts of ſome of their pewter peſſels: zounds, tis better a great deale then hell mouth, & *Diues* burning in Sulphur: but thou art none of the geneälogy of them. Where muſt we watch to night?

*Ser.* In the furtheſt Trenches that confront the enemies Campe.

*Bow.* Thats the next way to haue all our throats cut.

*Lieu.* That cannot be, you know, Captaine, there's a peace toward.

*Bo.* A pox a peace, it keeps our Ancient whole; but s'hart our gaberdines go to wrack: but *futra*: tis well known, ſince Dick Bowyer came to Fraunce, he hath ſhewed himſelfe a gentleman & a Caualiero, and ſets feare at's heeles: and I could ſcape (a pox on it) th'other thing, I might haps return ſafe & ſound to England; but what remedy? al fleſh is graſſe, and ſome of vs muſt needes be ſcorcht in this hote Countrey. Lieutenant Core, prithee lead my Band to their quarter, and the Rogues do not as they ſhould, cram thy ſelfe, good Core, downe their throats, and choak them. Who ſtand Sentronell to night, ſir?

*Sol.* That muſt I, Captayne.

*Bow.* You, Rafe Nod? zounds, ſoldiers, follow my diſcipline, ſay your prayers, you are all dead men, all duſt and aſhes, all wormes meat. *Lieu.* How ſo, Captayne?

*Bow.* Doe you make him Sentronell? s'hart, heele nod preſently: and he do not ſleepe ſitting vpon the poynt of a Spaniſh needle, Dicke Bowyer's a very ſhittlecocke. Nod! zounds, he is one of the nine ſleepers, a very Dormouſe: & I had a Pageant to preſent, of the ſeuen deadly ſinnes, hee ſhould play Slouth: and he did not ſleepe when he ſhould ſpeake his part, I am a Badger.

*Soul.* That's true, you haue halfe the nature of a Badger, for one leg is ſhorter then another.

*Bow.* Zounds, you Rogue, doe not you know that? Ile tell you: s'hart, and I lye, call me Iebuzite. Once as I was fighting in S. Georges fields, and blind Cupid ſeeing me, and taking me for ſome valiant Achilles, he tooke his ſhaft, and ſhot me right into the left heele, and euer ſince, Dick Bowyer hath beene lame: but my heart is as ſound as a bell, heart of Oake, ſpirit, ſpirit, Lieutenant, diſcharge Nod, and

and let Cricket ſtand Sentronell, till I come.

*Lieu.* He ſhall, Captayne.

*Bow.* On afore, ſtrike Drum, march ſoldiers, keepe your place, Nod: luſty my harts, for the honor of England, & our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembrooke. So, I haue diſcharg'd my ſelfe of theſe. *Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Hot ſhot! now to my loue: ſome may ſay, the tale of Venus louing Mars, is a fable: but he that is a true ſoldier, and a Gent. as Dick Bowyer is, & he do not loue ſome varlet or other, zounds, he is worſe then a gaping Oyſter without liquor. There's a pretty ſweet fac't mother that waits on the princeſſe, that I haue ſome mind to; but a whorſo *Achitophel*, a paraſite, a rogue, one whole face looks worſe thē a Tailors cuſhen, of old ſhreds & colours; zounds, like a weauers leg, in an old ditch feeding horſeleaches, & this trotter is my ryual, & loues Thomaſin: his name is *Peter de Lions*; but s'hart (I will not ſweare neither) if I do not turne Rich. *Cor de Lion* with him, if I do not teare out his heart and eate it with muſtard, let him ſay Dick Bowyer's a Mackarell. Yonder hee comes with my Property hād in hand. Zoūds, I ſay nothing: but ile heare what they ſay, and determine afterward. *Enter Peter, and Thomaſin.*

*Pet.* Thomaſin, you know me, I hate prolixity; in a word, my humour is thus, I loue you.

*Bow.* And I do not ſpoyle that humour, ſo——

*Pet.* Your anſwere compendiouſly, & auoyd prolixity.

*Tom.* Mary muffe! by Ieſu, I ſcorne to humble the leaſt part about me, to giue anſwere to ſuch a trotting queſtion: as I liue, it foults mine eares worſe in hearing, then the princes coach on a broken cawſey.

*Pet.* Thomaſin, leaue this pace, & take me with you: my Lord loues your Lady, yet I heare ſay, ſhe is this night betrothed to the Prince of France: ſo I loue you, and ſhall I loſe you? No, I hate prolixity: in a word, the end is, ile mary you.

*Tho.* Pretty, as God ſaue me! what will Captaine Bowyer ſay to that, if he ſhould know it?

*Bow.* A good Rogue, by Ieſu.

*Pe.* Bowyer a Captayne? a Capon, a button mould, a lame haberdine, a red beard Sprat, a Yellow hammer, a bow caſe, a very Iackdaw with his toung ſlit.

*Bow.* Zounds, what a Philiſtine is this? what a dictionary of proper names hath the Rogue got together? heart, his toung crawles as faſt as the Cheeſe doth in Germany. Ile pearce you for this, you Lobſter.

*Pet.* Bowyer, *mordu futra* for him; and that ſowre crab do but leere at thee, I ſhall ſqueeze him to vargis.

*Bo.* And you ſqueeze me, I may haps grow ſaucy with you, you whorſon burnd Pudding pye, you dry Parſnip: kiſſe me, Thomaſin: ſo, dare you ſtand to your word now, and ſqueeze me?

*Pet.* Stumps, I challenge thee for this indignity, Bowyer, I will gyrd my ſelfe with thy guts, I am a Souldiour and a Captayne.

*Bow.* Captayne? s'hart, and thou haſt vnder thy charge, any other then Pigmies, I am Gogmagog. Doſt thou heare (ſowgelder?) and I do not with ſixe Cranes (wel marſhald) ouerrunne thee and thy hundred and fifty, ſay Dick Bowyer's a coward.

*Pet.* For that word, draw.

*Tho.* Hold, Gentlemen.

*Bow.* Peace (good Thomaſin) ſilence, ſweet ſocket. Peter, doſt ſee this ſword? this ſword kild Sarlaboys, that was one Rogue; now it ſhall kill thee, that's two Rogues. Whorſon puttock, no garbage ſerue you but this? haue at you.

*As they fight, enters Pembroke.*

*Pem.* Who's this at enmity within our Camps?
What, Bowyer, and the ſeruant to great Burbon?
Both ſheathe your weapons: by our martiall law,
This act is death.

*Bow.* Ile be hangd then. Doeſt thou heare, noble Generall? Dick Bowyer knowes what belongs to ſeruice: we did not draw of any malice, by this element of yron & ſteele, but to meaſure which of our ſwords were longeſt. Ile ſaue

you

you for once, you Sarazen, becauſe I ſee youle hang ſcuruily: but the next time——

*Pem.* Good Captayne Bowyer, let our Engliſh troops
Keepe a ſtrong watch to night: my throbbing heart,
Like to a Scritchowle in the midnight houre,
Bodes ſome blacke ſcene of miſchiefe imminent.

*Bow.* Neuer feare (Generall) if Iulius Cæſar riſe vp againſt vs, e're he do my Lord any wrong, zounds, ile be cut ſmaller then pot-hearbs. Ile to the trenches, come Thomaſin. Leere not, Lobſter, leſt I thum that ruſſeting face of yours with my ſword hilt, till that it looke as pyde colourd as the Rainbow. By Ieſu ile do it, and therefore follow me not. *Exeunt.*

*Pem.* Why ſhould this load of griefe lye on my heart
With ſuch a ponderous waight? I know no cauſe,
Vnleſſe it be by thinking on the wrong
My friend receyues in the vnmatched loue,
Which Katharine beares me: yet my fayth is ſound,
And like a ſolid Rock ſhall check her teares.
Katharine loues me; yet for my friends delight,
Pembrooke will hate her loue, and flye her ſight. *Exit.*

*Enter Burbon, Nauar, Philip, Bellamira, Rodoricke, and attendants.*

*Bur.* Nauar, you ſprinckle me with foule reproch,
And dimme the luſtre of our royall name,
With colours of diſhonour.

*Nau.* Heare me, Burbon.

*Bur.* What words can ſatiſfy ſo great a wrong?
Haue you not, with conſent of all your Lords,
Promiſd your daughter to this generous prince?

*Nau.* Their true loue forſt vs to it.

*Bur.* True loue? tis fayn'd.

*Phil.* Ha, Burbon.

*Bel.* Gentle Philip.

*Phil.* With my ſword,
Ile proue my loue vnfayned, thee a falſe Lord.

*Bur.* This like a Sanctuary frees thy toung,
And giues thee childiſh liberty of ſpeach,
Which els would fawne and crouch at Burbons frowne.
*Phil.* Now by S. Denis ——
*Burb.* Ile not chat with boyes,
Nauar, to thee I ſpeak: thy daughter's looks,
Like the North Star to the Sea-toſt Mariners,
Hath brought me through all dangers, made me turne
Our royall Palace, to this ſtage of death,
Our ſtate and pleaſures, to a bloudy Campe,
And with the ſtrength and puiſſance of our force,
To lift thy falling and decayed ſtate,
Euen to her priſtine glory, in thy quarrell
Burbon hath ſet himſelfe againſt his King,
And foyl'd his greatneſſe with a Traytors name.
Now when our worth expected rich reward,
Fayre Bellamira, wonder of her time,
Muſt Philip haue her?
*Phil.* Burbon, ſhee is mine.
*Bur. Mordew*: ile be reueng'd, by heauen I will,
Or I will paue theſe plaines with the dead bodies
Of our deare ſubiects: we haue ſworne thy fall,
That oathes thy death, our rage thy funerall.
*Nau.* Heare our excuſe.
*Bur.* We will not credit ayre.
Peter, watch Rodorick, when the prince is gone,
Tell him, Ide ſpeake with him.
*Pet.* Enough, tis done.
*Bur.* Nauar, this ſetting Sun, which ſees our wrong,
Shall e're his morrowes beames guide the proud Eaſt,
View *Himens* rites turnd to a tragick feaſt, *Exit Burbon.*
*Na.* His anger beares him hence, young prince of France,
Since to reduce our enmity to loue,
And thereby like a fayre and louely Bryde,
To mary peace to France, we are content,
To bring the ſea-toſt barke of your affects,

Helſe

Halfe ſhipwracke with the tempeſt of theſe wars,
To their deſired port, as we agreed:
Go to your father, and informe him thus:
If perſonally heele view our friendly Tents,
And ſeale theſe Articles of peace propoſde,
This night you ſhall be troth-plight to our child.
*Phil.* Were it to ſearch the furtheſt Northerne clime,
Where froſty Hyems with an yeie Mace,
Strikes dead all liuing things, Ide find it out,
And borrowing fire from thoſe fayre ſunny eyne,
Thaw Winters theft, and warme that dead cold clime:
But this inpoſe is nothing, honourd King,
Ile to my father, and conduct him hither:
For whilſt my ſoule is parted from her ſight,
This earth is hell, this day a tedious night.
Come, Rodorick, you ſhall beare me company. *Exeũt Phil.*
*Pet.* He ſhall not, for ile ſtay him inſtantly. *Pet. & Rod.*
*Nau.* Twere pity to kerpe two ſuch loues aſunder.
Daughter, you & your Ladies to your tent, *Exit Bella.*
And deck you richly to receiue the prince. *Enter Pemb.*
My Lord of Pembrooke, happily return'd: *after him, Fer.*
How doth our ſonne? See where he comes himſelfe.
Speake, boy, how ſpedſt thou with fayre Katharine?
*Fer.* I know not how; Is trothleſſe Pembrooke there?
*Nau.* Be not diſmayd, at length ſheele pity thee.
Sonne, bid our Officers adorne our Court
In her chiefe glory: for this happy night
Shall ſet a period to this ſmarting war.
Your ſiſter ſhalbe troth-plight to Prince Philip,
And France and we made friends about it then.
Pembrooke, haue you the charge to ſee our Captaines
Prepare a martiall welcome to the King.
Ile not be idle: ſince Nauar was crownd,
Our heart with ſo much ioy did ne're abound. *Exit Nauar.*
*Fer.* Nor mine with ſo much hate. Pembrooke, a word.
*Pem.* What wills your Grace?

*Fer.* That Pembrooke is a villayne.
Looke not ſo ſtrange, I ſpeake it not your friend,
But hee that in his ſoule hath ſworne thine end.
*Pem.* A villayne? and my death? I am amaz'd.
Art thou awake? or is all this a dreame?
*Fer.* A dreame of death; meet me to morrow morning,
As thou art Pembrooke and a Gentleman,
By yon fayre Riuer ſide, which parts our Camps.
You know the place, come armde, and ſo farewell.
*Pem.* Deare friend.
*Fer.* Puſh, meet me.
*Pem.* Ferdinand, I will.
*Fer.* Reuenge, ſmile on, thou ſhalt drink bloud thy fill.
(*Exeunt.*

*Enter Peter ſtanding ſentronell.*

*Pet.* This is my waytyng night, tis for no good,
That I ſtand Sentronell. Well, good or ill,
I care not greatly, ſo I get the gold: *Enter* Burbon,
Therefore to auoyd prolixity, here walke I. *and* Rodorick.
Here comes the men that muſt reward my paine.
*Bur.* Haue you the poyſon?
*Rod.* And a ſtrong one too.
Heere's a preſeruatiue to ſaue your hand.
When Rodoricke fayles your Lordſhip, heauen ſhall fayle,
To illuminate the world with cheeretull light.
*Bur.* Then here about ſhould Peter wayt for me:
For this is the Pauilion of the Princeſſe.
*Pet.* My Lord.
*Bur.* Peter.
*Pet.* Here is the key that opens to the Tent,
I ſtole it from my ſweet heart Thomaſin.
Enter without prolixity, woo and winne the Lady:
But giue me gold (my Lord) and Ile to Dice.
*Bur.* Hold, take thy fill.
*Pet.* And it ſhall goe as faſt.
*Bur.* Now gentle Peter, get thee vnto reſt:

My

My buſineſſe craues the abſence of the world:
None but my ſelfe and Rodoricke ſhall behold
The ſecret complot that I doe intend.
*Pet.* I goe, my Lord. *Exit.*
*Burb.* Now bleſſed key, open vnto my loue,
Doe more then louing lynes or words can doe:
My letters haue bin anſwerd with diſdayne:
Her father I haue mou'd to gayne my loue,
But he is froſty in my feruent ſuite,
And now perforce I will obtayne my loue,
Or eaſe her puling hatred by reuenge.
*Ro.* You ſtay too long, ile help to turne the key,
*'Diſcouer her ſitting in a chayre aſleepe.*
*Bur.* What do I ſee? the maieſty of heauen,
Sit in a mayden ſlumber on the earth?
What, is my Bellamira turnd a goddeſſe,
Within the table of her glorious face!
Me thinks, the pure extraction of all beauty
Flowes in abundance to my loue-ſicke eye,
O, Rodoricke, ſhe is admirably fayre:
And ſleeping, if her beauty be ſo rare,
How will her eyes inchaunt me if ſhe wake!
Here, take the poyſon, ile not ſtayne that face,
For all the treaſure of the Weſterne Iland.
*Rod.* I ſee no ſuch admired perfection.
Waken her, Burbon, and this louing charme,
Which now hath led your ſences priſoner,
Will vaniſh, and her ſpeach full of reproofe,
Beget a new phantaſma all of hate:
Thou wilt deteſt her when ſhe ſhall deny thee.
*Bur.* Wakē her, Rodorick, for I want the power,
*Rod.* I hope I am diſguiſde ſufficiently,
That Bellamira cannot know my face.
Madam, fayre Bellamira,
*Bel.* Here I am, who calls on Bellamira?
*Burb.* I, fayre loue,
The Duke of Burbon that doth honour thee.

*Bel.* The Duke of Burbon in my Tent ſo late?
Where is my Gard? what Peter, Thomaſin.
*Rod.* Step to her, and reſtrayne her, leſt ſhe call:
Ile be a looker on, and be vnknowne.
*Bur.* What needs your Highneſſe call for any gard,
Since you are garded with a faythfull friend?
Behold me, Madam, humbly on my knee,
Come to renew my ſuite, vouchſafe me loue,
Or with this weapon take away my life:
Much better 'twere a thouſand times to dye,
Then liue in torment of your ſcorching eye.
You haue inflam'd my heart, oh quench that flame,
Or into cinders turne my hapleſſe truncke:
Hapleſſe, in being vnbelou'd of you.
*Bell.* My Lord of Burbon, you preſume too much
On th'extremity of paſſion.
Haue I not anſwerd many an idle letter,
With full aſſurance that I cannot loue?
Haue I not often, *viua voce* checkt
Your courtly kindnes? frownd vpon your ſmiles?
Vſde you vnkindly; all to weane your loue?
And doe you ſtill perſeuer in your ſuite?
I tell thee, Burbon, this bold part of thine,
To breake into my Tent at dead of night,
Deſerues ſeuere correction, and the more,
Becauſe it brings mine honour into queſtion.
I charge thee, as thou art a Gentleman,
Betake thee to thine owne Pauilion,
And let this anſwere ſatisfie for all:
Burbon, I cannot, nor I will not loue thee.
*Bur.* Cannot, nor wil not? zoũds, Madam, but you muſt.
*Bel.* Muſt I?
*Bur.* And ſhall.
*Bel.* You will not force me to it?
*Bur.* Or force that ſparkling beauty from your face.
Looke not ſo fiercely, nor cry out for helpe:
For if you doe, this makes you cry your laſt.

Seing

Seing neyther words, kind letters, hearty sighes,
Humble intreaty, nor a world of payne,
Can moue you to take pitty of my loue:
But Tyrant-like, your beauty seeks my life,
I will blot out that beauty with this iuice.
Thus, thus I wipe away my passions:
Thus doe I heale the torments of my loue:
Thus doe I ransome my inthralled eye,
And by depriuing of the cause of life,
Kill th'effect, which was a world of sorrow.
Farewell, foule Bellamira, I am pleasde
In this reuenge, that no way could be easde. *Exit.*

*Rod.* Zounds, he has don't: now, Rodorick, ioy thy fill.
Burbon is thine, the Dukedome is thine owne:
For onely he in the Inheritance
Stood as an obstacle, to let my clayme.
This deed of his will take away his life:
And then let me alone to inioy his land.
Ile steale away vnseene, cause vnsuspected:
I would not for the world be once detected. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Poyson my face! oh most inhumane wretch!
Reuenge more vile, then to abbridge my life.
What, Thomasin, what, brother Ferdinand:
My kingly father: is there none that heares?
Then I reason, treason, let that waken you:
For capitall is this offence to me.

*Enter Nauar, Pembrooke, Ferdinand, and Thomasin.*

*Tho.* O Iesu, mistris, what ayles your face!
*Nau.* Her face!
*Ferd.* Tis spotted like a Panthers skin.
*Pemb.* O, were those spots as kindly beautifull,
Then were fayre Bellamira vndeform'd.
*Nau.* O, what diuine power hath sent this Leprosy?
*Ferd.* Say, beautious sister.

*Pemb.* Speake, fayre Bellamira.
*Tho.* Speake, my good miſtris.
*Nau.* My ſweet daughter, ſpeake.
*Pem.* Her ſilence argues a tormented ſpirit.
*Fer.* Thy countenance argues a deceitful ſoule.
*Enter Lewes, Philip, Rodoricke, and Flaunders.*
*Lew.* Where is Nauar?
*Phil.* Where is fayre Bellamira?
*Bel.* My Philip, oh giue leaue to fly his ſight.
*Nau.* Stay, gentle daughter, heele not iniure thee.
*Lew.* Heere are the Articles concluded on,
I could not reſt, till I had ſigned them,
And brought them to your Highneſſe. A moneth hence
The mariage ſhall be fully ſolemnized,
So pleaſe your Maieſty and your fayre daughter:
Are you content?
*Nau.* To liue in diſcontent.
*Phil.* Me thinks, this royall preſence hath dim lookes:
Is it becauſe they are in the armes of night,
Which ſets a leaden luſtre on the eye?
Or hath ſome accident occoaſted them,
That troubles their aſpect with melancholy?
Is Nauar well? is Ferdinando well?
Is Pembrooke well? Is Bellamira well?
O, where is Bellamira? tell me, Princes,
For now my tongue hath ſtrook vpon her name.
I feele a kind of killing extaſie.
Where is ſhe? in her Tent?
*Bel.* Deny me, father,
I would not ſee Prince Philip with this face.
*Phi.* Why ſpeak you not? what, haue I toucht the ſtring,
Whereon the burden of your ſorrow lyes?
Father, looke round about, ſee you my loue?
Rodoricke, looke round about, ſee you my loue?
*Lew.* I ſee her not.
*Rod.* Nor I.
*Phil.* I ſay not ſo.

The garments that ſhe weares, mine eye ſhould know.
What Lady's this that hides her heauenly face?
Here are no Baſilisks with killing eyes:
You need not hide your beauty: ſweet, looke vp,
Me thinks I haue an intereſt in theſe lookes.
What's here, a Leper amongſt Noble men?
What creatures this? why ſtayes ſhe in this place?
Oh, tis no maruell though ſhe hide her face:
For tis infectuous: let her leaue the preſence,
Or Leproſie will cleaue vnto vs all.
*Bel.* O let me leaue the preſence, gentle father,
When Philip bids his Bellamira goe.
*Phil.* My Bellamira!
*Lew.* How? my ſonnes belou'd!
*Phil.* Is this my loue? was this your beauteous child?
*Nau.* My child. *Ferd.* My ſiſter.
*Pemb.* Beauteous Bellamira.
*Nau.* Spotted,
*Ferd.* Diſſigured,
*Pemb.* Made a lothſome Leper.
*Rod.* How came this ſudden alteration?
For ſhe was comely, louely, beautifull,
When the day left his Charriot to the night.
*Na.* That heauen doth know, and onely Bellamira.
Daughter, I charge thee, tell me how it came.
*Bell.* Burbon, oh Burbon.
*Lew.* Did he doe the deed?
*Bel.* He came into my Tent at dead of night,
And rubd my face with an infectuous herbe,
Becauſe I would not graunt vnto his loue.
I cry'd for helpe, but none did ſuccour me.
*Rod.* I know he did, and laugh to thinke on't.
*Lew.* And he ſhall rue his treaſon.
*Phil.* Threaten not,
Leaue the reuenge to me whom it concernes,
Tis I am robd of a delicious looke,
A heauenly ſparkling brow, a ſtarry eye,

A countenance fayrer then Auroraes lookes,
When all the Eaſt is guilded with her bluſh.
Tis I will be reueng'd: but not before
I haue eſpouſde my louely Bellamira.
*Lew.* Eſpouſed her!
*Nau.* How! marry a face deform'd!
*Ferd.* A leprous creature!
*Pem.* An infectuous mayd!
*Ro.* One, whoſe ſores are perchance incureable!
*Phil.* Be they incureable, it is my Loue,
And for my ſake ſhe hath indur'd this wrong,
And, ſhould I now forſake her thus diſtreſt,
I could not merit a true Louers name.
To ſhew I loue her, I will marry her,
Before the moneth expire: nay in the morne:
Delayes, perchance, may make her think I ſcorne.
*Bel.* Marry with me? fetch me a looking glaſſe,
That I may ſee how ſweet a Bride I am.
Oh, I deteſt my ſelfe: Deare, hate me too:
I am not to be maryed but to death.
Though I were Empreſſe of the ſpacious world,
Ide lay my ſelfe and Kingdome at thy feet.
Liue, noble Philip, ioy ſome happyer match:
Tis my vnworthineſſe makes me deny thee.
*Phi.* Think'ſt thou, becauſe thy face is ſpotted ſo,
Thou art not worthy of thy Philips loue?
Thy face to me was but a Marſhall,
To lodge thy ſacred perſon in my mind,
Which long agoe is ſurely chambred there:
And now what needs an outward Harbinger?
I doe affect, not ſuperficially:
My loue extendeth further then the skin.
The inward Bellamira tis I ſeeke,
And vnto her will Philip be epouſde.
*Nau.* Oh admirable loue!
*Lew.* Oh, my deare ſonne,
Thou makeſt me famous by thy loyalty.

*Rod.* I neuer heard the like.
*Pemb.* Pen neuer writ
A worthyer Story to posterity.
*Fer.* Pen neuer writ of a more treacherous friend,
Then, Pembrooke, thou hast prou'd to Ferdinand.
*Phil.* Sweet Loue, prepare thee to be Philips Bryde:
For heere I sweare, as I am royall borne,
Ile marry thee, before the mornings Sunne
Hath runne the third part of his glorious course.
Father, good night: deare friends, deare Loue, good night:
Mariage, I hope, will make my spirits more light. *Exit.*
*Nab.* Good night, sweet son. King Lewes, stay with me,
Be thou my comforter, ile comfort thee. *Exeunt Kings.*
*Fer.* Pembrook, remember that thou faile me not. *Exit.*
*Pem.* O God, what may these moody lookes intend?
Me thinks, I should haue better from my friend. *Exit.*
*Bel.* Now, Bellamira, thou hast time to thinke
Vpon these troublous matters: should I suffer
So braue a Gentleman as Philip is,
To wed himselfe to my vnworthy selfe,
It would be counted vertue in the Prince;
But I were worthy of a world of blame.
No, Philip, no, thou shalt not wrong thine honour,
Nor be impeacht by Bellamiraes spots.
In some disguise ile steale away to night,
And ne're appeare more in my Philips sight. *Exit.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer.*

*Bow.* There is no toyle to this walking of the Round: S'hart, I haue beene stumbling vp and downe all this night, like a Brewers horse, that has ne're a good eye in his head: Tis as darke as Pitch. I can resemble our Campe to nothing better then hell, saue that in hell they are alwayes waking, and heere the villaynes are as drowsie as swyne. Lieutenant Nod! why, you might haue shot a double Cannon in his eare, and neuer haue wakte him:

I iogd, and I iogd; I ſhowted, and I ſhowted; and yet the mungrel ſnorted, you might heare him to Douer: at laſt, I dragd him by the heeles into a ditch of water, and there left the Lobſter crawling. A the tother ſide, Core being appoynted to ſtand Sentynell vpon the Wallounes quarter, s'hart, the Loach gets me into a Sutlers bath, and there ſits mee drinking for Ioanes beſt cap: but by this hand, and as Dicke Bowyer is a Soldier, and a Caualiero, he ſhall ſit in the boults for it to morrow. My comfort is in theſe extremities, that I brought Thomaſin to her Ladies Tent, leauing her new-come Louer to picke ſtrawes: but ſoft, *qui vou la?*

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* My name is Ferdinand.

*Bow.* Stand.

*Ferd.* Why, Captayne, thou doſt know me well inough.

*Bow.* Know, or not know, without the word you paſſe not.

*Ferd.* Soliman.

*Bow.* So, *allie, allie, Monſeur.*

*Ferd.* Firſt, tell me, ſaweſt thou Pembrooke come this (way?

*Bow.* I ſaw him not.

*Ferd.* Farewell. *Exit.*

*Bow.* As much to you. Zounds, theſe Frenchmen think to out-face vs with a card of ten: but, and his beard were made of braſſe, Dicke Bowyer will make him know the diſcipline of war. Here comes another.

*Enter Pembrooke.*

*Pem.* Who's there? Dick Bowyer?

*Bow.* Some call me ſo, what then?

*Pem.* Pembrooke ſalutes thee.

*Bow.* Oh, good morrow, my Lord, good morrow.

*Pem.* I prythee, Captayne, ſawſt thou Ferdinand, Sonne to Nauar, as thou didſt walke the round?

*Bow.* Euen now, my Lord, he paſt along this way.

*Pem.* Himſelfe alone? or had he company?

*Bow.* Nay queſtionleſſe, he was alone, my Lord.

*Pem.* Couldſt

*Pem.* Couldſt thou diſcerne his face? how did he looke?

*Bow.* Faith, ſcuruily, my Lord, like a greene cheeſe, or the inſide of a rotten Pumpian.

*Pem.* There is Crownes for thee to drinke. *Exit Pem.*

*Bow.* I thanke your Lordſhip. To ſee the difference betweene theſe French Curres, and our Engliſh Canaliers: there's as much bounty in them, as there's Marchpane in a diſh of Almond butter. I might haue ſtood heere till my teeth chatter in my head, e're the tother Launcepriſado would haue ſayd, Here, Captayne Bowyer, there's a Cardicue, to waſh downe melancholy. But had I knowne as much, I would haue baſted him, till his bones had rattled in his skin.

*Enter Core and other Souldiers, bringing in the Clowne.*

*All.* Come, ſir, you ſhall anſwere your walking before our Captayne.

*Clow.* Well, ſirs, take heed what you doe, I am a Princes man, if you ſtay me vpon the Kings hye way, I can lay fellowſhip to your charge.

*Core.* But ſirra, wee can lay Treaſon to thine, for being without the word.

*Clow.* Without the word! O pernicious Frenchman! without the word! why, I haue call'd thee Villayne, him Raſcall; this, Slaue; that, Rogue; and am I ſtill without the word?

*Core.* I, ſir, the word that muſt ſerue your turne, the Watch-word.

*Clow.* Fayth, y'are like to watch this tweluemoneth, ere you haue any other words at my hands.

*Bow.* How now maſters, what calfe are you dragging to the ſlaughter-houſe there? ha?

*Core.* A ſtraggler, and a ſpy: Captayne, I pray examine him.

*Bow.* So, Lieutenant Core, you are crept from your cups at laſt, Ile talke with you anon; but, ſirra, to you: From whence come you?

*Clow.* I came, ſir, from the King of Fraunces campe.

*Bow.* So, what's your name?

*Clow.* My name, ſir, is Bow wow.

*Bow.* S'hart, what a name's that! the Hedge-hog mocks vs: Bow wow, quotha? what kin art thou to the generation of Dogges?

*Clow.* No dog, ſir, would you ſhould know it, though I be encompaſt with curres.

*Bow.* Zounds, he calls vs curres, hang the hotch-potch vp in a fathom or two of match.

*Clow.* Not you, ſir, I call not you ſo: I know you to be a very inſufficient ill-ſpoken Gentleman.

*Bow.* Well, ſirra, whom do you ſerue?

*Clow.* My maſter, ſir, is the Lady Katharine, the French Kings daughter: I haue bin abroad about ſome buſineſſe of hers, and am now going backe againe.

*Bow.* An honorable Lady, ſir: let him goe: tis againſt the law of armes to ſtay him.

*Clow.* Stand of: but ſoft, I doe not know your name, ſir, that my Lady may giue you thanks.

*Bow.* My name's Dick Bowyer.

*Clow.* Then, maſter Dicke Bowyer, after my heartie commendations, adue: but as for the reſt, I ſhall, I ſay no more, I ſhall —— *Exit.*

*Bow.* How now, Core? how can you anſwer your being a tippling, when you ſhould ſtand Sentinel?

*Core.* Beleeue me, Captayne, I had but a whiffe or two: for I was paſsing dry.

*Bow.* Thou art alwayes dry: the whorſon Mault-worm has a throat like the burning Clyme, or a Glaſſe-makers Furnace: But your remoue from thence has ſau'd you from the boults. How now, what Water-Spanyell haue we heere? *Enter Nod.*

*Core.* Tis Lieutenant Nod.

*Nod.* Captayne, deride me not: I proteſt, I came by this miſchaunce by good ſeruice, by following a ſpy, that came to diſcouer our army.

*Bow.* O

*Bow.* O notable Rogue! did not I find thee asleepe, and threw thee into a ditch?

*Ned.* Was't you? by this light, I tooke you for a spy.

*Bow.* Yet saw me not, no more then a Molewarp: this is an egregious Rogue.

*Ned.* Yes, I saw you well ynough, and I did but try how you would vse me.

*Bow.* By this flesh and bloud, many one that lyes in his graue, was not halfe so senceleſſe: but the Watch breakes vp, euery one to his quarter, away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* Tis true, they are gone together, and I am sent to watch Prince Ferdinand, and the Earle of Pembrooke: this way they went; but they are got out of sight. I were very bad to be a Hound, that haue no better a sent: if they were hares, as they are men, I should think them squatted: but huſht, here comes one of them.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* The morne lookes red: red mornes doe threat a (storme,
That storme shall light on Pembrooke or my selfe.
This is our meeting place: here runnes the streame
That parts our camps: the time consorts the place;
And (Pembrooke) if thy reputation hold,
It is thy q. to enter. *Enter Pembrooke.*

*Clow.* Heere comes the tother, this is lucke vpon lucke: now will I run and fetch my mistris, the Lady Katharine, to part their fray. *Exit.*

*Pem.* Good end succeed my early heauyneſſe:
Three times my feet, as loth to guide me hither,
Haue stumbled in a playne and euen way,
My sword forsooke his scabberd once or twice,
Bloud from my nostrilles thrice hath spowted forth,
And such a dymneſſe ouerrunnes my sight,
That I haue tane a tree to bee a man,
And question'd with it about serious things.
This is the place where I must meet my friend.
Yonder he stands, Good morrow, Ferdinand.

*Fer.* Good morrow to thy death: draw, Pẽbrook, draw,
The ground thou treadſt vpon, muſt be thy graue.
*Pem.* Draw vpon Ferdinand?
*Fer.* I, vpon me.
Dally not, Pembrooke, I am bent to fight,
And that with thee for the beſt blood thou bearſt.
*Pem.* You haue ſome reaſon for this reſolution.
*Fer.* My will.
*Pem.* A ſorry argument to kill your friend.
I muſt haue better reaſon then your will,
Or ile not draw vpon my Ferdinand:
Our loue is older then of one dayes growth,
A yeres continuance hath vnited vs.
Haue we not made an enterchange of othes,
Sworne loue to one another twenty times,
Confirmd that friendſhip by ſociety,
Encreaſde it with the ſimpathy of mind,
Making one pleaſure, pleaſure vnto both?
And ſhall this bond be broken vpon will?
*Fer.* Then youle not draw?
*Pem.* Yes, neerer to thy perſon,
In friendly ſort to imbrace thee, Ferdinand.
*Fer.* Thou art a coward, and thou dar'ſt not fight.
*Pem.* Thou knowſt the contrary: for we haue fought
At euery weapon, to approue our skill.
*Fer.* Goe to, you are a villayne and a coward,
And by the royall bloud that gaue me life,
Ile kill thee, Pembrooke, though thou do not draw.
*Pem.* Kill me? thou wilt not wrong thine honour ſo?
*Fer.* Zounds, but I will: & traitor, take thou that. *wounds*
*Pem.* Wound me ſo deſperately? nay then ile draw, *him.*
Not to offend, but to defend my ſelfe.
Now I perceyue it is my bloud thou ſeekſt:
Witneſſe you heauens, and all you gracious powers,
That ſtand auſpicious to this enterpriſe,
That Pembrooke drawes forth an vnwilling ſword.
*Fer.* Why ſo, now manfully defend thy ſelfe.

*Pem.* Ano-

*Pem.* Another would then Pembrook, rouſe thy ſpirit,
And beare no longer with this haire-brayn'd man.
Yet (Ferdinand) reſolue me of the cauſe,
That moues thee to this vnkind enterpriſe:
And if I ſatiſfie thee not in words,
This double wound ſhall pleaſe thee with my bloud.
Nay, with my ſword Ile make a ſcore of wounds,
Rather then want of bloud diuorce thy loue.

*Fer.* I hate thee deadly, and I ſeeke thy life:
What other reaſon, Pembrook, wouldſt thou haue?
Prepare, prepare, in this conflict to ſhow,
Thou art a Knight, and canſt o'recome thy foe.

*Pem.* And if I ſpare thee not, impute the cauſe
To thine owne raſhnes, and mine aking wounds.

*Fight, and hurt eche other, both fall downe as dead.*

*Fer.* I hope I haue ſlayne thee.

*Pem.* Oh, I feare thy life: how fares my Ferdinand?

*Fer.* What, liu'ſt thou yet? then my fare is ill.

*Pem.* I am markt for death,
I feele a generall faintneſſe through my lymmes:
Expence of bloud will ſoone expend my life.

*Fer.* The like debility my ioynts doe feele.

*Pem.* Then we muſt both dye in the lateſt of death.
Tell me, oh tell me, whence proceeds this hate?

*Fer.* I feare not (Pembrooke) to diſcouer now.
Thou wert my Spokeſ-man vnto Katharine,
And treacherouſly thou ſtol'ſt away her heart.
Oh, I can ſay no more, my ſpirits doe faint.
Pembrooke, farewell, I haue reueng'd my wrong.

*Pem.* Oh, yet a little longer, gracious time,
Detayne his princely ſpirit in his breſt,
That I may tell him he is miſſe-inform'd,
And purge my ſelfe vnto my dying friend:
But death hath layd his num-cold hand vpon me:
I am arreſted to depart this life.
Deare Ferdinand, although thou be my death,

On thee ile friendly breathe my lateſt breath.

*Enter Forreſter.*

*For.* How full of pleaſure is this Forreſt life!
My Parke I liken to a Common wealth,
In which, my Bucks and Does are Citizens:
The Hunters Lodge, the Court, from whence is ſent
Sentence of life or death, as pleaſe the King:
Onely our gouernment's a tyranny,
In that wee kill our ſubiects vpon ſport.
But ſtay, what Gentlemen doe heere lye ſlayne?
If any ſparke of life doe yet remayne,
Ile helpe to fanne it with a nymble hand:
The Organ of his arme doth play apace,
He is not ſo far ſpent, but that with helpe,
He may recouer to his former ſtate.
How is the other? I doe feele ſoft breath
Breake from between his lips. Oh, for ſome ayd,
To beare them to the Forreſt, to my Lodge:
But as I am, ile try my vtmoſt ſtrength,
To ſaue their liues: firſt ſeene, ſhall be the firſt:
Patience, and ile returne and fetch the other. *Exit.*

*Enter Fiſherman.*

*Fiſher.* My angle-rod is broke, my ſport is done;
But I will fetch my net, to catch ſome fiſh:
To loſe both fiſh and pleaſure, is too much.
Oh what contentment liues there in the brooke!
What prety traines are made by cunning hands,
To intrap the wily watry Citizens!
But what art thou that lyeſt vpon the ground?
Sleepſt thou? or art thou ſlaine? hath breath his laſt?
No ſparke of life appeares: yet from his eye,
Me thinks I ſee a glymmering light breake forth,
Which wanting ſtrength, is like a twilight glimſe.
If there be any hope to ſaue his life,
Ile try my vtmoſt cunning. To my houſe,
Poore Gentleman, Ile beare thee as a gheſt,
And eyther cure thy wounds, or make thy graue. *Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter Forreſter, miſsing the other taken away, ſpeakt anything, and Exit.*

*Enter Clowne and Katharine.*

*Clow.* Iuſt in this circle I left the two Princes ready to draw; for I read the whole diſcourſe of the Combate in their red eyes.

*Kath.* Heere lye their weapons, and heere flowes their bloud.

*Clow.* Haue they not ſlayne one another, and buryed themſelues?

*Kath.* Peace, foole; tis too ſure, that they are ſlayne.

*Clow.* O Lord, then let mee turne my ſelfe into a Ballad, and mourne for them.

*Kath.* Thou angreſt me, with ieſting at my ſorrow:
Hence from my ſight, my heart is full of griefe,
And it will breake, the burthen is ſo great.

*Clow.* Goe from your ſight? then let me goe out of your company: for I had as leeue leaue your ſight as your company. Is this my reward for watching and watching? Oh Miſtris, doe not kill mee with vnkindneſſe: I ſhall, I ſhall ——

*Kath.* What ſhall you?

*Clow.* Weepe out mine eyes, and fill the holes with ſalt (water.

*Kath.* I prythee leaue me, I am not diſpleaſd,
But fayne would vent my ſorrowe from my heart.
Hold, take my purſe, ſpend that, and leaue my preſence:
Go euery where, enquire my Pembrooke out:
And if thou bringſt me to his breathleſſe truncke,
I will reward thee with a treble gift.

*Clow.* Well, I were beſt bee going, now I am ſo fayrely offred. Miſtris, your reward hath ſtopt my teares, and entic'de my legges to be walking. Farewell, I will goe, God knowes whither, to ſeeke and to finde both, and neyther. Farewell, ſweet Miſtris. *Exit.*

*Kath.* O Pembrooke, let me kneele vnto thy bloud:
And yet I know not whether't be thy bloud,

Saue that my ſoule by a diuine inſtinct,
Tells me it is the treaſure of thy veynes,
If thou beeſt dead, thou mirrour of all men,
I vow to dye with thee: this field, this groue
Shall be my receptacle till my laſt:
Content with that that feeds the ayry ſoules,
My pillow ſhall be made a banke of moſſe,
And what I drinke, the ſiluer brooke ſhall yeeld.
No other campe nor Court will Katharine haue,
Till fates do limit her a common graue. *Exit.*

*Enter Fraunce, Nauar, Philip, Flaunders, Thomaſin, and attendants.*

*Nau.* Our daughter fled! whē? whither? which way? how?
*Tho.* I know not.
*Phil.* Bellamira, my liues ioy,
Vpon thoſe pinnyons that ſupport her flight,
Houers my heart, you beare away my ſoule.
Turne, turne agayne, and giue this earthly frame
Eſſentiall pow er, which for thine abſence dyes:
Thou art the ſweet of ſweets, the ioy of ioyes:
For thee was Philip borne. O turne agayne,
And Philip is the bleſſedeſt of men.
*Lew.* We are glad ſhe's gone, though we diſſemble it.
Sonne, bridle this affection, ceaſe theſe laments,
Shee did not value them.
*Nau.* Lewes, ſhe did,
Till ſauage hate that ſhape diſſigured.
*Phil.* O, ſhe was worthy to be Queene of heauen.
Her beauty, e're it ſuffred violence,
Was like the Sunne in his Meridian Throne,
Too ſplendant for weake eyes to gaze vpon,
Shee was too bright before, till being hid
Vnder that enuious cloud, it tooke the place
Of a darke ground, to ſhow a louelyer face.
That Leproſie in her ſeemd perfect beauty:

And ſhe did gild her imperfections o're
With vertue, which no toule calumnious breath
Could euer ſoyle, true vertues dye is ſuch,
That malice cannot ſtayne, nor enuy tuch.
Then ſay not but her worth ſurmoũts theſe woes.
*Nau.* She grieu'd to tye you to a hated bed,
And therefore followed Burbon for reuenge.
*Phil.* Burbon? who names him? that ſame verball ſound
Is like a thunderclap to Philips eares,
Frighting my very ſoule. Sure, you ſaid, Burbon,
And to that prodegie you ioynd reuenge:
Reuenge, that like a ſhaddow followes him,
'Twas he that made me bankrout of all bliſſe,
Sude the diuorce of that pure white and red,
Which deckt my Bellamiraes louely cheeks:
And ſhall he ſcape vnpuniſht?
*Lew.* Ioyne your hands,
And all with vs ſweare vengeance on the Duke.
*Phil.* Not for the world; who proſecutes his hate
On Burbon, iniures me: I am his foe,
And none but I will worke his ouerthrow.
*Lew.* What meanes our ſonne?
*Phil.* To hunt him for reuenge.
The darkeſt angle of this vniuerſe,
Shall not contayne him through the bounded world:
Ile proſecute his flight with ceaſeleſſe ſteps:
And when long trauell makes them dull or faynt,
Bayting them freſh with Bellamiraes wrongs,
Like Eagles they ſhall cut the flaxen ayre,
And in an inſtant bring me where he is.
*Lew.* Where goes our ſonne?
*Phil.* To hell, ſo that in that kingdome,
Fate would aſſertayne me to meet with Burbon.
Where euer I confront him, this ſhall kill him.
*Nau.* Thou ſhalt haue ayd to compaſſe thy reuenge.
*Phil.* No ayd, but this ſtrong arme. Farewell, farewell,
Since Bellamira hath forſooke her friend,

I ſeeke deſtruction (Burbon) and mine ende. (*Exit.*

*Lew.* Stay him: this fury will betray thy life.

*Nau.* Poore king made wretched by thy daughters loſſe.

*Lew.* Poore king made wretched by thy deſperat ſonne.

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* Spēd not your woes too faſt, but ſaue ſome teares
To dew the obſequies of your dead ſonne.

*Nau.* What, Ferdinand?

*Meſſ.* Hee's ſlaine by Pembrokes hands,
And Pembroke left breathles by Ferdinand.
Their quarrell is vncertain, and their bodies
By ſome vnciuill hands conuayed away,
And no inquiry can diſcouer them.

*Nau.* Our ſonne ſlaine? Bellamira poyſoned?
Nauarre, teare off theſe hayres, and raging die.

*Enter Rodoricke.* (ricke?

*Lew.* More Tragedies at hand, what newes brings Rodo-

*Rod.* Such as will make the hearers, ſenceleſſe trunckes.
Why doth your highnes in your foe-mens tents
Reuell away the time, and yeld your perſon,
To the knowne malice of your enemies,
Whilſt in your owne tents, rapine and foule luſt,
Graſpes your fayre daughter to diſhonour her?

*Lew.* Our daughter?

*Rod.* She is (lily) ſtolne from thence,
Yet none knowes whither, ſaue one Sentinell,
Who doth report he heard a wretched Lady
Exclaime, falſe Ferdinand would raviſh her.

*Lew.* That was my child diſhonor'd by thy ſonne.

*Nau.* You wrong him, Fraunce.

*Lew.* Thou haſt betrayed vs, king,
And trayned vs to a loathed feſtiuall,
The mariage of thy ſtayned and leprous child,
Whilſt in our abſence, Ferdinand vniuſt,
Hath ſtaind our daughters beautie with vild luſt.

*Flaun.* If you remember, he & Engliſh Pembroke
Laſt day forſooke your Campe, as diſcontent.

*Lew.* That

*Lew.* That proou'd their loues were fayn'd, and offset ma-
He came to view our Campe, how he might act (lice,
That deed of obloquy, and ſcope with lyte.
*Nau.* 'Tis Fraunce hath done the wrong: you haue cõ-
This deed of death on Pembrook & our ſon; (meaſt
And now to couer it, ſuggeſt and fayne
Our guildeſſe ſonne a guilty rauiſher:
But render me their bones.
*Lew.* Where's our Child?
*Nau.* Seeke her.
*Lew.* Seeke Ferdinand.
*Nau.* Fraunce.
*Lew.* Petty king,
For this our wrong, looke to be vnderling.
*Nau.* What Drum is this?
*Lew.* Are we intrapt, Nauar?
*Rod.* Feare not, on yonder hill, whoſe lofty head
Orelookes the vnder-valleyes, Royall Burbon,
Attended by ten thouſand Souldiers,
Craues peace and faire accord with mighty Fraunce.
*Nau.* Burbon, that was the ruyne of my Child?
Summon our forces ſtraight and charge the ſlaue.
*Fran.* In Burbons reſcue draw our forces vp.
*Nau.* What meanes the king of Fraunce?
*Rod.* To ioyne with him.
*Nau.* What? with a Traytor and a murtherer?
*Lew.* He did a deed of merit and of fame,
Poyſoned the Siſter of a rauiſher,
A Tarquin, an inceſtuous Tereus,
And our poore Child the wronged Philomell:
Arayne our Battailes ſtraight, and ioyne with Burbon.
*Nau.* Heare what wee'le vrge.
*Lew.* Speake then in warre and death:
In other termes, our rage will ſpend no breath.
*Nau.* And we will ſpeake ſo lowd, that heauen it ſelfe
Shall eccho with the clanger: both our children
Weele race from our remembrance, and aduaunce

No other thought, but how to plague proud Fraunce.
Conioyne with Burbon, e're three Sunnes ſhall ſet,
In the vaſt Kingdome of Oreanus:
In a pitcht field weele meet the King of Fraunce,
And that falſe Traytor Duke.
*Lew.* Nauar, thou dar'ſt not,
*Nau.* Now by Saynt Denis, and our Grandſires tombe,
Weele meet thee.
*Lew.* Welcome. O, bring valiant men,
Weel think on nought but graues & tōbs til then. *Exeunt.*
*Rod.* Ha, ha: I laugh to ſee theſe Kings at iarre.
Now ciuill diſcord like a raging floud,
Swelling aboue her banks, ſhall drowne this land,
Whilſt Rodorick on her ruines builds his hopes.
The King of Fraunce through my ſuggeſtion,
Thinks Katharine his daughter rauiſhed,
Who onely wingd with loue, is fled the Campe:
Pembrooke and Ferdinand, in mutuall ſtrife,
Slayne by eche other, doth confirme my words,
And for reuēge whets keene the two Kings ſwords. *Exit.*

*Enter Pembrooke armde, and the Forreſter.*

*Pem.* I thāk thee, Forreſter, whoſe rough grown walks,
Wild in aſpect, afford more courteſy,
Then places ſmoother for ciuility.
My life redeemd by thy induſtrious hand,
Remaynes in loue and duty bound to thee.
*For.* Fayre Knight, preuention of ſad death, by health,
More ioyes my ſoule, then thanks or rich reward.
But is your armour eaſy? ſits it well?
*Pem.* I neuer in my life was better fitted.
This ſhould be that vnlucky fatall place,
Where cauſleſſe hate drew bloud from Ferdinand.
Behold the graſſe, a purple regiſter,
Still bluſheth in remembrance of our fight.
Why wither not theſe trees? thoſe herbs and plants?

And

And euery neighbour branch droup out their grief?
Poore ſoules, they do, and haue wept out their ſap,
Yet I haue paid no duety to my friend.
Where is the Tombe I wild you to erect?
*Forr.* See, valiant knight, proportiond and ſet vp,
As well as my poore ſkill would ſuffer mee:
And here his picture hangs.
*Pemb.* You haue done well:
Your hand I ſee's a perfect Architect
In ſorrowes building: once more let ſuffice
I quite your painfull trauell but with thanks:
Now leaue me to my ſelfe, for here I vow
To ſpend the remnant of my haples dayes:
No knight nor Prince ſhall euer paſſe this way,
Before his tongue acknowledge *Ferdinand*
The faythfulleſt louer and the louingſt friend
The world contaynes: Ile haue his Sepulcher
As yet but naked and vngarniſhed,
E're many dayes hang richer with the ſpoyles
And vanquiſht Tropheyes of proud paſſengers,
Then was the Romanes wealthy Capitoll:
So, gentle Forreſter, bequeath thy prayers
In my aſſiſtance; that is all I craue.
*Forr.* The God of power giue power vnto your arme,
That you may proue victorious fortunate.
*Pem.* Farewel, kind Hoſt: & now let me embrace
This empty Monument of my loſt friend.
Oh! wer't ſo happy to enſhrine his bones,
How bleſt ſhould *Pembrooke* be? but they are torne
By the fierce ſauadge Wolfe, whoſe filthy mawe
Is made an vnfit graue to bury him.
But if (without offence) I may deſire it,
I wiſh his ſoule from Paradiſe may ſee,
How well his name is kept in memorie:
Theſe eyes that ſaw him bleed, haue wept for him:
This heart deuiſde his harme, hath ſigh'd for him:
And now, this hand, that with vngentle force

Depryu'd his life, ſhall with repentant ſeruice,
Make treble ſatiſfaction to his ſoule.
Fortune, thou doſt me wrong, to ſuffer me
So long vncombatted: I prythee ſend
Some ſtubborne Knight, ſome paſſenger,
Whoſe ſtout controuling ſtomacke wil refuſe
To yeeld to my preſcription, but by force.
I hate this idle reſt of precious time.
How now! derid'ſt thou my deuotion, goddeſſe? *Enter*
Thou ſendſt a woman to incounter me. *Kather.*
Henceforth ile hold thee for a fayned name,
And no diſpoſer of my Chriſtian hopes:
But ſoft, I know that face; oh! I, tis ſhe
Was vniuſt cauſe of all this miſery.
*Kath.* Long haue I wandred with vnquiet mind,
To find my Pembrook: that they fought, I heare:
That they were wounded both to death, I heare:
But whether cur'de or dead, I cannot heare:
Nor liues there any (if deceaſde) can tell,
Within what place their bodies are interr'd.
Since therefore all my trauell is in vayne,
Here will I take a truce with former care.
This curſed nooke was that vnlucky plot,
Where curſed Ferdinand did kill my Loue.
What Knight is this? ile queſtion him, perhaps
He can reſolue me where my Pembroke is:
Ioy and good fortune, ſir, attend your ſtate.
*Pem.* Your wiſhes come too late.
VVhat ſeeke you, Madam?
*Kath.* Tel me, ſir knight, for ſo you ſeeme to be:
Know you this diſmall place you do frequent?
Or haue you heard of that vnhappy fight,
VVas here perform'd by Pembrook and his foe?
*Pem.* Yes, Madam, I haue heard of it long ſince,
And, to my griefe, knew both the Gentlemen.
*Kat.* But can you tell me if they liue or no?
Or dead, what hand hath giuen them buryall?

*Pem.* Reſt

*Pem.* Reſt you aſſured, Madam, they are dead:
The one of them to who n I was allyed,
And neerely knit in friendſhip from my youth,
By me lyes buried heere: a brauer Knight,
And truer Louer neuer breathd in Fraunce.
*Kath.* O tell me, is it Pembrooke? if for him
You haue erected this fayre monument,
Perpetuall honour I will doe your ſtate.
*Pem.* Not only, Madam, haue I built this tombe
In his memoriall: but my ſelfe haue ſworne
Continuall reſidence within this Wood:
And for the loue I bare him, weare theſe armes,
That whatſoeuer Knight, aduenturer or other,
Making his iourney this way, and refuſing
To do Knights homage to my breathleſſe friend,
By this aſſayling ſteele may be compeld.
*Kath.* Oh, let me know your name, ſo kindly mou'd,
To dignifie my Pembrookes high deſerts.
*Pem.* You did not heare me ſay 'twas Pēbrook, Madame
What is become of him, I doe not know,
Nor greatly care, ſince he did wrong my friend,
And firſt inkindled this diſſenſious brawle.
This buryed here, is noble Ferdinand,
His fathers comfort, and his Countryes hope.
Oh Madam! had you ſeene him as I did,
Begirt with wounds, that like ſo many mouthes,
Seem'd to complayne his timeleſſe ouerthrow:
And had before bin inward with his vertues,
To thinke that nature ſhould indure ſuch wracke,
And at one time ſo many precious gifts
Periſh by death, would haue diſſolu'd your heart.
He was the very pride of fortitude,
The houſe of vertue, and true frendſhips mirrour:
Looke on his picture, in the armes of death,
When he was ready to giue vp the ghoſt,
I cauſde it to be drawne: if at that time,
In that extremity of bitter pangs,

He lookt ſo louely, had ſo freſh a colour,
So quick a mouing eye, ſo red a lip,
What was his beauty when he was in health?
See with what courage he indur'd the combat,
Smiling at death for all his tyranny.
Had death bin ought but what he was, ſterne death,
He would haue bin enamour'd with his looks.
*Kath.* A certayne ſoft remorce
Creeps to my heart, perſwades me he was true,
Louing, and vertuous: but my ſelfe vnkind,
Coyly to ſcorne the proffer of his mind.
*Pem.* O that in Iuſtice of her former hate,
She now would hopeleſſe doate on Ferdinand!
Ile do the beſt I can to bring her on:
Deſpaire and madneſſe, fetch her off againe,
Madam, how ſay you? waſt not a grieuous thing,
So rich a Iem, ſhould lye rak't vp in duſt?
So ſweet a flower, be withred in his prime?
*Kath.* Death was a villayne for attempting it,
And ſo was Pembrooke for effecting it.
No bloudy Scythian, or inhumane Turke,
But would ha trembled to ha toucht his skin,
Or ſpilt one drop of his Heroick bloud.
*Pem.* Had not that Lady then an yron heart?
A rude ingratefull mind? a ſauadge ſpirit?
That knew this vertuous honourable Knight,
This gracious ſhape, and vnmatcht excellence,
To be intangled with her feruent loue,
To ſerue her in all loyalty of heart,
To reuerence and adore her very name,
To be content to kiſſe the lowly earth,
Where ſhe did ſet her foot: and when he ſued
For grace, to ſcorne him, to deride his ſighes,
And hold his teares and torment in contempt?
Of all that euer liu'd, deſeru'd ſhe not,
The worlds reproch, and times perpetuall blot?
*Kat.* Heard you him euer ſpeak of ſuch a one?

*Pem.* Oft times: but chiefly then, when he perceyu'd,
His hurt was mortall, and no way but death.
At euery groane, he cald vpon her name,
As if that ſound were preſent remedy:
And when inſulting death drew ſhort his breath,
And now was ready to cloſe vp his eyes:
Farewell, quoth he, where e're I find a ſhrine,
My ſoule fly thou to beautious Katharine.
*Kas.* That ruthleſſe mind, that iron ſauage heart,
So greatly loued, and ſo little louing,
Breathes in this breſt, 'twas I returnd diſdaine,
For deepe affection; ſcorne for loyalty:
And now compaſſionleſſe ſhall pine my ſelfe,
Oh Ferdinand, forgiue me, Ferdinand:
Inioyne me any penance for that wrong;
Say I ſhall tread a tedious pilgrimage
To furtheſt Paleſtine, and I will do it.
But peace, fond womã, theſe exclaimes are vaine:
Thy Ferdinand is dead and cannot heare,
As thou waſt ſomtimes deafe, and wouldſt not heare.
*Pemb.* A iuſt reward. Come, Madam, haue you done?
Giue me the picture I may hang it vp.
*Kath.* Oh take it not away: ſince I haue loſt
The ſubſtance, ſuffer me to keepe the ſhaddow:
Me thinks, ſo long as this is in my hand,
I claſpe my Ferdinand betweene mine armes:
So long as I behold this liuely forme,
So long am I refreſhed by his ſmiles:
So long, me thinks, I heare him ſpeake to me.
Knew I the Paynter drew this counterfeyt,
I would reward him with a mynt of gold.
*Pem.* If ſuch a pleaſure you receyue by this,
I tell you, Madam, I ſhall ſhortly haue
His whole proportion cut in Alablaſter,
Armd as he was when he encountred here,
Which kneeling, ſhall be ſet vpon his tombe.
*Kath.* On that condition I will gather flowers,

And once aday come ſtraw them at his feet:
And once a day pay tribute of choyce thanks;
To you the furtherer of my happineſſe:
Till then, I place the picture where it was.

*Enter Clowne, and Bellamira.*

*Clow.* Come on, Madam, me thinks now a maske would do well; but I perceyue your drift, I ſmell your policy, you think a bald face hath no need of a black mask. Shall I tel you what you looke like? A broyld herring, or a tortur'de Image made of playſter worke.

*Bel.* So, ſirra, you may ſcoffe my miſery.

*Pem.* Still haunted with theſe women? are men vaniſht?
Or what occaſion leaues the Realme of Fraunce,
So voyd and empty of aduenturous Knights?

*Clow.* Out of peraduenture, Madam, the ghoſt of Saint George is come out of England, to ſee what hoſpitality S. Denis keeps in Fraunce.

*Pem.* Poore Bellamira, I lament thy ſtate;
But I muſt ſtill ſuppreſſe my diſcontent.
What are you ſo deformd with lothſome ſpots?
And what that Anticke keeps you company?

*Clow.* Anticke! thou lyeſt, and thou wert a Knight of ginger-bread: I am no Anticke, the whole pariſh where I was borne will ſweare, that ſince the raigne of Charlemain there was not a better face bred or brought vp amongſt them. *Pem.* Away, ye ruſſeting.

*Kath.* Haue patience, Knight, how euer thus deform'd,
This Lady is the daughter of Nauar.
Madam, it ioyes me I haue met you heere,
Though much laments me of your heauy plight.
There needs no repetition of your wrong:
I know, the villayne Burbon did the deed,
Whom my incenſed brother will reuenge.

*Bel.* For Philips ſake I haue bin martyrd thus,
And for his ſake left King and Courtly life,
To entertayne a Pilgrims paynefull habit.
But on what ſtrange aduenture ſtayes this Knight,

Within

Within this desolate forsaken wood?

*Kat.* For loue of Ferdinand your princely brother,
Whose Hearse he gards in honourable Armes.

*Bel.* Is this my brothers Hearse? is this the place,
Where I was shipwrackt of a brothers name?
Oh, let me spend a louing sigh for him,
And sacrifice a sisters holy rites:
For euer rest, sweet Ferdinand, in peace,
Vntill thy body glorified from heauen,
Become immortall by thy soules returne.

*Pem.* Poore Bellamira, how I pity thee!
Yet must forbeare to comfort thy distresse.

*Clow.* Is my yong Lord buried here? I say no more, but I pray God send him a ioyfull insurrection.

*Kath.* Inough, sweet Bellamire,
These leprous spots, tis time they were remou'd.
Come, goe with me. Since I left Aquitayne,
And came acquaynted with these private walks,
It was my happy chance to meet an Hermit,
Whose skill in Phisike warrants present cure,
And pure refining of your poysoned blood:
Ile bring you thither: afterward select
Delicious sweets, to decke your brothers tombe.
Come, sirra, follow vs. *Exeunt.*

*Clow.* Doe not think, Madam, that ile forsake you. And so, sir, you that walk in pewter vessayle, like one of the worthyes, will you be rul'd by me?

*Pem.* Wherein? (first. *Exit.*

*Clow.* To set a gyn for Woodcocks, & catch your selfe

*Pem.* Hence, beetle-head. And Pembrook, now bethink
How great a tyde of miseries breakes in.
First, thou art taxed with the losse of him,
Whom equall with thy selfe thou holdest deare:
Next, Bellamira is become a Leper,
Whose absence Philip carefully laments:
Then trecherous Burbon ioynes himselfe with Fraunce,
And both the Kings are angerly incenst:

But laſt, which is ſome comfort to the reſt,
Diſdaynfull Katharine waſtes with fruitleſſe loue.
Would all ſo minded like miſhap might proue.
But by this ſignall there are Knights at hand,
I muſt prouide their valours to withſtand.

*Enter Fraunce, Burbon, Rodoricke, Peter de Lions, at one dore: at the other, Nanar, Flaunders, Dicke Bowyer, and Souldiers, Pembrooke betweene them.*

*Pem.* Stay your intended march.
*Lew.* What Peere of Fraunce,
Or in the world ſo haughty reſolute,
Dare breathe the word of ſtay to mighty Fraunce?
*Nan.* Or what art thou preſum'ſt to ſtay my courſe?
*Pem.* A Knight I am, and to aduentures bound:
This monument erected for my friend,
By me is garded: If you meane to paſſe,
You muſt doe homage, or elſe fight with me.
*Lew.* Homage of me! Know I am King of France,
And in ſubiection to no earthly power.
*Nan.* Thou knowſt not what thou ſayſt, to challenge vs,
Of any ſuch inferiour priuiledge.
What homage is it thou requir'ſt of vs?
*Pem.* Firſt, to acknowledge him lyes buryed here,
The faythfulſt Louer, and moſt valyant Knight,
That in this time drew ſword, or manag'd horſe.
*Bow.* And what was he? Aſcapart, or your Countrey-man Gargantúa, that ſtuft euery button of his coate with a load of hay? 'Sharr, wee haue met a fellow; here's all mouth, hee ſpeakes nothing but Monarch. Doeſt thou heare, King? giue me leaue to incounter this puckfiſt: and if I doe not make him cry *Peccaui*, ſay Dicke Bowyer's a powdred Mackrell.
*Pet.* My bloud beginnes to boyle, I could be pleaſd,

To

To haue this fellow by the eares, but that
Theres many of my betters heere in place.
*Fland.* King of Nauarre, let Flanders cope with him.
*Burb.* Imperiall France, giue Burbon leaue to try
The hazzard of a combat with this Boaſter.
*Pem.* Diſpatch, Nauarre, one of you come foorth,
To enterchange a warlike blow or two.
*Lew.* Firſt let vs know what penalty thou ſetſt
Vpon thy ſelfe, if thou be vanquiſhed.
*Pem.* A recantation of my former wordes,
A ſeruitude to him that conquers me:
But who ſo euer is by me ſubdued,
Muſt leaue his Shield to beautifie this ſhrine.
*Bur.* Let not Nauar, my Lord, rob vs of honor:
Say, Burbon firſt ſhall breake a Launce with him.
*Rod.* Aſcribe that priuiledge, my Lord, to mee:
And Rodorick will haue death, or victory.
*Lew.* No, noble Rodorick, Burbon ſhall begin,
And as he ſpeedes, we will imploy your power.
*Pem.* Prouide thee, Burbon, Ile not fauour thee.
*Bur.* Be ſure Ile ſhew thee like hoſtility.
*Lew.* Hold, the aduantage is on thy ſide,
The Duke of Burbon ſhal hang vp his ſhield.
*Pem.* Ide rather haue his life, then al your ſhields:
Who is next? (Shields
*Bow.* Zounds, I think he has a patten to take vp all the ith Countrey, hang mee if thou wantſt worke, heeres for Nauar, the earle of Pembrok & Caualiero Bowier: (*Fight.*
A thouſand pound to a Taylers bodkin, this fellow has a familiar: but howſoeuer, thou mayſt thank my lame legge: theres my ſhield.
*Lew.* Now Rodorick, betake you to your taske. (*Fight.*
*Rodor.* My fortune's anſwerable to the reſt.
*Lew.* Since all miſcarrie, Fraunce will put his chaunce
Vpon the hazzard of the Dice for once.
*Pem.* You are an Honorable foe, my Lord: (*Fight.*
By law of Armes, you muſt hang vp your ſhield.

*Lew.* I yeld to law and thy approoued valour.
King of Nauar, will onely you ſit out?

*Nau.* No, king of Fraunce, my bloud's as hot as thine,
And this my weapon ſhall confirme my words. (*Fight.*

*Bow.* Nauar down too! 'Shart, this fellow hath the tricke
If he be not a witch or ſome Deuill, let me be (of it:
ſtickt into a Carbinado.

*Nau.* Thou ſonne of Chiualrie, let me now intreate,
To know his name, for whome thou reapſt this honor:
Or what he was, whoſe bodie's heere interde?

*Pem.* A valiant Knight, his name, yong Ferdinand,
Slayne by misfortune of a friendly hand.

*Nau.* Is it my ſonne thou mak'ſt thy valours priſe,
And ſtrou'ſt to eternize with thy ſword?
Let me imbrace thee. Not alone my ſhield,
But I will leaue my heart vpon his ſhrine.
My dearest Ferdinand, I would my ſighes,
Or ſad lamenting teares might haue the power,
Like Balme to quicken thy benummed ioynts,
Then would I drowne this marble e're I went,
And heat it hote with vapour of my breath.

*Lew.* Nauar, this how may teſtify thy wrong,
In falſe accuſing me for his remoue.

*Na.* Thou maiſt be guilty ſtil for ought I know:
For though I find him dead, I find not yet
The Tragick maner of his haples end.
Thou mayſt as well haue murdred Ferdinand,
As fauour him hath poyſond Bellamira.

*Lew.* Iniurious king, it was baſe Ferdinand,
On whom iuſt heauens haue ſhown iuſt vengeance heere,
Rauiſht my Katharine and conuayed her hence,
Where I ſhall neuer more behold her face.

*Nau.* Tis falſe, and wee'le maintain it with our ſwords.

*Lew.* Tis true, and wee'le maintain it with our ſwords.

*Pem.* By heauen, the toung prophanes the ſacred name
of Ferdinand with any villany,

Ile cut it out, or ſtop his throate with bloud,
And ſo dam in his blaſphemous vpbraydes.
*Nau.* Content thee, knight, Ile eaſe thee of that labor.
To morrow is expir'd the time of truce.
Fraunce, on with thy Battalions to the plaine
Thou waſt prepar'd before to pitch vpon,
Ile meet thee there.
*Lew.* And I will meet with thee.
Sound Drums and Trumpets: honord knight, farewell:
Who ſhal ſuruiue next morn, ſtrãge newes ſhal tel. *Exeũt.*
*Pem.* Thus heady rage, blind in her raſh reſolue
Drew Ferdinand and mee into the field,
As now it doth theſe hot incenſed kings.
Wer't not my vowes prohibit my deſire,
To ſtay the inconuenience of this fight,
I would diſcouer where their Daughters are,
To ſhew the error they are ſhrouded in:
But Time hath run a deſperate courſe with mee,
And deſperate let them runne to miſery:
Here comes a Straggler of their Army. Stand.

*Enter Philip.*

*Phil.* What voice is that preſumes to byd me ſtand?
*Pem.* His that can force thee, if thou wilt not ſtand.
*Phil.* By this bright ayre reflecteth on my ſword,
If the whole Army of Nauar had ſaid
As much to Philip, yet he would not ſtand.
And thou but one, how dar'ſt thou profer it,
Knowing how ſharp a Spurre doth pricke me on,
The death of Burbon for my Bellamire?
*Pem.* Hang vp thy ſhield, as other knights haue done,
Vpon the Hearſe of noble Ferdinand,
And thou mayeſt freely paſſe without controule.
*Phil.* The Hearſe of Ferdinand! I honor him,
He was the brother of my deareſt Loue,
What's this I ſee? my fathers batterd ſhield!
The ſhield of Fraunce! of Flaunders! Burbons too!

It can not then impeach or preiudice
The name of Philip, to conſort with ſuch,
Eſpecially being done for Ferdinand.
There is my ſhield: and Knight, but for my haſte,
I would expoſtulate of other things:
But after traytrous Burbon I haue ſlayne,
Knight, looke for me, ile viſit thee agayne.
Now Rodorick, keepe thy word, and I am bleſt:
But if thou fayle, ile forward with the reſt. *Exit.*

*Pem.* Succeſſull action ſit vpon thy ſword:
This net of ſorrowes, I perceyue, intangles
Not only Pembrooke, but the Court of France.
Nauar and his aſſociats are all toucht.
Tune looke vpon vs, and at laſt determine,
This heart-diſſeuering tumults with a peace.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* Since, Ferdinand, by gracious prouidence,
Thou art recouered of thy mortall wounds;
With the new life thy body is reuiude,
Reuiue the ancient paſſions of thy mind,
Think on thy friend, on Pembrook take remorſe,
Whoſe honord life, thy haſty hand cut off:
This is the place, as I remember mee,
Whats heere? a Tombe? who hath preuented me
In my religious duty to my friend?
You, Knight, I doubt not, can reſolue me.

*Pem.* What art thou? ſtand,

*Ferd.* A Knight, and fayne would know,
What ſacred monument and Tombe this is?

*Pem.* His, whilſt he liu'd, that of the worlds increaſe,
Was the moſt loyall friend, and valiant Knight:
Which thou muſt likewile ratifie with me,
And hang thy ſhield vp to adorne his Hearſe,
Or venture Combate for denying it.

*Fer.* His name, I pray thee.

*Pem.* Ferdinand.

*Fer.* What's he acquainted with my name? belike ſome (one
Lou'd

Lou'd Pembroke, and ſuppoſing (wrongfully)
Me ſlaine by him, to ſatisfie for that,
Obſerues this honor in my memory:
Be not thou Ferdinand ingrateſull then,
But ſtand for Pembroke, as this knight for thee.
*Pem.* What anſwere giu'ſt thou? ſhal I homage haue?
*Fer.* Not for his ſake thou nam'ſt, not for Ferdinand:
There liu'd a knight exceld his petty fame,
As farre as coſtly Pearle the courſeſt Pebble:
An Engliſh knight cal'd Pembroke, were his bones
Interred heere, I would confeſſe ot him
Much more then thou requir'ſt, and be content
To hang both ſhield and ſword vpon his Hearſe.
*Pem.* How comes this ſtranger by my name? Belike
He was affected vnto Ferdinand:
And for his ſake (hearing he did me wrong)
Couets to make amends, or meanes to prooue
If I imbrace him with vnfayned loue.
He ſhall not doubt of that, once more I ſay,
'Twas Ferdinand was the renowned Knight
Of all the world.
*Fer.* But I deny that ſaying,
Giuing to Pembroke that preeminence.
*Pem.* For Ferdinand my valour will I try.
*Fer.* In Pembrooks valour I will fight and die.
*Diſcouer eche other in fighting.*
*Pem.* Eyther I dreame, or this is Ferdinand.
*Fer.* My ſight deludes me, or ſtout Pembroke lyues.
*Pem.* Thrice happy honord, I do imbrace my friend.
*Fer.* Welcome, oh welcome Pembrok, to myne armes,
Whom I imagined, death had tane from me.
*Pem.* The like did I by Princely Ferdinand:
But that he liues, my ſoule confounds with ioy.
*Fer.* Tell me, deare friend, ſince our vnlucky fight,
Haue you heard ought of my diſdainfull Loue?
*Pem.* Of her and all the reſt: Her father liues:
This is his ſhield, and this is great Nauars:

This Rodoricks, the Duke of Orleance,
And this malicious Burbons: all the which
I forc't from them, to beautifie thy ſhrine.
But tis of Katharine thou deſir'ſt to heare:
She likewiſe hath bin here; her flinty heart,
So much before inclind to cruelty,
Now waxeth tender: ſhe no ſooner ſaw
Thy picture here; but by heauens prouidence,
Or how I know not, ſhe ſo doats on it,
As I ſuppoſde ſhe would a dyed for loue.
*Fer.* Has then my ſhaddow and ſuppoſed death
Brought that to paſſe my liuing ſubſtance could not?
*Pem.* It hath, and neuer Lady more enamour'd,
Then now is Katharine of her Ferdinand.
I told her, and no more then truth I told,
A cunning Caruer had cut out thy ſhape
And whole proportion in white Alablaſter,
Which I intended here ſhould be ſet vp,
She earneſtly entreated ſhe might haue
A ſight of it, and dayly be permitted
To deck thy tombe and ſtatue with ſweet flowers.
Shee's but euen now departed to that end,
And will (I know) be quickly here agayne.
Now for aſſurance I diſſemble not,
Inſtead of thy reſemblance cut in ſtone,
Kneele here thy ſelfe, and heare her pitious mone.
*Fer.* Content, I hold your counſell for the beſt:
Weele once conclude our ſorrowes with a ieſt.
*Pem.* Soft, there's a cuſhē: nay, you muſt be bare,
And hold your hands vp, as the maner is.
*Fer.* What if I held a booke, as if I prayed?
*Pem.* Twere beſt of all; and now I think vpon't,
Here is a booke: ſo, keepe your countenance,
You muſt imagine now you are tranſform'd.
Yonder ſhe comes, in any caſe ſtir not.

*Enter Katharine.*

*Kath.* I feare I haue detracted time too long.

In

In my determinde ſeruice to my Loue:
But Ile redeeme my fault with double care.
See where his ſtatue is ſet vp: kind Knight,
For euer Katharine will record thy truth.
*Pem.* How ſay you, Madam, ſit not very like him?
*Kath.* As like, as if it were himſelfe indeed.
And would to God my prayers might be heard,
That as the Image of Pigmalion once,
Life might deſcend into this ſenceleſſe ſtone:
But that was fayned, as my deſire is fond,
Relentleſſe death withholds my Ferdinand;
And no intreaty may recouer him.
In token then I doe repent my ſcorne,
That I was cruell to ſo kind a friend,
Thou the preſenter of his abſent perſon,
Receiue theſe ſweets, thy temples be adornd
With this freſh garland; thy white Iuory hand
Boaſt of this Ring, which if thou wert aliue,
Should bind our faythes vp in a nuptiall knot:
But for thou canſt not be reuiu'd againe,
Ile dwell with thee in death: and as my ſpirit
Mounts to the happy manſion of thy ſpirit:
So to accompany thy ſhaddow here,
Ile turne my body to a ſhaddow too;
And kneeling thus, contront thy ſilent lookes,
With my ſad looks: this is the Inſtrument.
Now Ferdinand, behold thy Katharine comes.
*Fer.* And ſhe is welcome vnto Ferdinand.
*Pem.* Ile play the clark for both, and ſay Amen.
Nay, muſe not, Madam, tis no ſenceleſſe Image,
But the true eſſence of your wiſhed Loue.
*Kath.* I am aſham'd to looke him in the face.
*Fer.* Hide not thoſe ſplendāt lights, hereafter be
A conſtant wife, it ſhall ſuffice for me.
*Kat.* Heauen caſt her off, if Katharine proue not ſo.
*Pem.* Of that no more: now let vs haſte from hence,
To quiet the diſſenſion lately ſprung

Betweene your parents, Philip likewiſe gone,
To be reueng'd on Burbons trechery,
Perhaps may ſtand in need of friendly ayd:
To him and them our vowes muſt next be payd.
*Fer.* What Pembrook counſels, we cõſent vnto. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rodericke and Philip.*

*Rod.* Now whileſt our Armies wearied with the heat
That the bright ſunne caſts from his midday throne,
Abſtayne from bloudy entercourſe of warre,
Ile lead thee Philip vnto Burbons Tent.
*Phil.* Rodoricke, thou highly fauoureſt me in this,
And doubt not, if my complot take effect,
Ile make thee Duke of Burbon.

*Enter Lewes, Flaunders, and Burbon.*

*Rod.* Stay your ſpeach, heere comes king Lewis.
*Phil.* They can not know me, I am ſo diſguiſde.
*Burb.* Follow my counſayle, and immediatly begin the
*Lew.* Why, the heat's great, (Battayle.
It burnes in our Armour as we march.
*Flan.* It burnes the enemy as well as wee.
*Bur.* It warmes our Souldiers ſpirits & makes them fire:
I had rather dye, then when my bloud is hot,
Be awde by counſell, till it freeze like Ice:
He is no Souldier, that for feare of heat,
Will ſuffer victory to fly the field.
*Rod.* My Lord of Burbon, ye are more hot then wiſe.
*Bur.* Rodoriek, me thinkes you are very peremptory.
*Rod.* It is in zeale of the generall good:
Go to your Tent, refreſh your vnſcorcht lymmes:
There draw your battels modell: and as ſoone
As the coole winds haue fand the burning Sunne,
And made it tractable for trauaylers:
Arme you, and mount vpon your barbed Steed,

Lead

Lead foorth your Souldiers, and in good array,
Charge brauely on the Army of our foe.
*Lew.* The Duke of Orleance hath counſeld well,
Ile in and recreate me in my Tent.
Farewell, my Lord, when you reſolue to fight,
Proclayme your meaning by a Canons mouth,
And with a volley I will anſwere you. *Exit Lewes.*
*Bur.* If you will needs retyre, farewell my Lord.
Ha Rodoricke, are not we fine Polyticians,
That haue ſo quaintly wrought the King of Fraunce
Vnto our faction, that he threatens warre,
Againſt the almoſt reconcilde Nauar?
*Rod.* But this is nothing to the actes weele do:
Come, come, my Lord, you trifle time with words:
Sit downe, ſit downe, and make your warlike plot:
But wherfore ſtand theſe murdrous Glaues ſo nye?
*Phil.* Touch them not, Rodorick, prythee let them ſtand.
*Bur.* Some paper, pen, and incke. *Enter Peter.*
*Peter.* My Lord.
*Bur.* Poſt to the Maſter Gunner,
And bid him plant his demy culuerings
Againſt the kings pauilion.
*Peter.* Preſently.
*Bur.* But firſt, bring pen and incke and paper ſtraight.
Rodoricke, thou ſhalt aſſiſt mee in this plot.
*Rod.* Do it your ſelfe, my Lord, I haue a charge
Of Souldiers, that are very mutinous,
And long I dare not ſtay, for feare my abſence
Be cauſe of their reuolt vnto Nauar.
*Bur.* Then to your Souldiers: I will to my plot.
*Phil.* Away my Lord, leaue me vnto the Duke.
*Rod.* Kill you the Duke, and after Ile kill thee.
*Bur.* This pen is ſtabbed, and it will not write,
The Incke that's in the Standage doth looke blacke,
This in my pen is turnd as red as bloud.
*Phil.* The reaſon that the platforme you would make,
Muſt by this hand be written with thy bloud.

*Bur.* Zounds, what art thou that threatens Burbon ſo?
*Phil.* One that's as deſperat-careleſſe of his life,
As thou art timerous, and fearſt to dye.
*Bur.* Comeſt thou to kill me?
*Phil.* If I ſhould ſay no,
This weapon would condemne me, which I ſeyz'd
Of purpoſe, Burbon, to bereaue thy life.
*Bur.* Why, fond man, mad man, know'ſt thou what thou (doeſt?
*Phil.* I know it, Burbon, and I know beſides,
What thou wouldſt ſay, to daunt my reſolution.
*Burb.* What would I ſay?
*Phil.* Why, that this place is death,
As being thy Tent, enuiron'd with thy ſlaues;
Where if I kill thee, tis impoſſible
To ſcape with life: this, Burbon, thou wouldſt ſay:
But Philip is not to be mou'd with words.
*Burb.* Philip!
*Phil.* I Philip, Bellamiraes Loue,
Whoſe beauty, villayne, thou haſt poyſoned:
For which I haue vow'd thy death, and thou ſhalt dye.
Therefore betake you to what fence you will,
Amongſt this bundle chuſe one weapon forth,
And like a worthy Duke prepare thy ſelfe,
In knightly maner to defend thy life:
For I will fight with thee, and kill thee too,
Or thou ſhalt giue an end vnto my life.
But if thou call vnto thy ſlaues for helpe,
Burbon, my ſword ſhall nayle thee to the wall:
And thinke Prince Philip is a Prince indeed,
To giue thee this aduantage for thy life.
*Bur.* Boy, I will ſcourge your inſolence with death.
*Phil.* Come on.

*Fight, and kill Burbon.*

*Bur.* Oh, I am ſlayne.
*Rod.* Murder, murder, Burbon the Duke is ſlayne.
*Phil.* Peace, Rodorick, I am Philip thy deare friend.
*Rod.* Thou art a counterfet, I know thee not.

*Phil.* Didſt

*Phil.* Didſt not thou guide me vnto Burbons Tent?
*Rod.* I guide thee to the Tent? I know thee not.
What, murder, ho? will no man heare my voyce?

*Enter* Peter, *and* 2. *or* 3. *ſouldiers.*

*Pet.* Yes, here are thoſe can heare well ynough.
Where is the murdered, and the murderer?
*Rod.* Peter, behold thy maſters breathleſſe truncke,
And there's Prince Philip that hath murdered him.
*Pet.* To auoyd prolixity, Ile kill him:
Yet firſt giue me leaue to weepe for my maſter.
*Rod.* Firſt, ſeyze the murderer, and after weepe.
*Phil.* He that firſt ventures to attach my life,
Let him be ſure he hath a life to ſpare:
For I will ſend one breathleſſe to the graue.
*Pet.* You that haue nyne liues, aſſault the gentleman.
*Rod.* What peaſants, dare you not attach the ſlaue?
Ile rayſe the whole Campe, but ile apprehend him.
Alarum drummes: Souldiers, incircle him,
And eyther apprehend or ſlay the wretch.

*Enter* Pembroake, *and* Ferdinand.

*Pem.* Tis princely Philip, helpe to reſcue him.
*Rod.* What ſlaues are theſe that dare oppoſe thēſelues,
In reſcue of a murderer 'gainſt an Hoſt?
*Fer.* Such as will make thee, Rodorick, fly for life.
*Pet.* Zounds, men are mortall; to auoyd prolixity, my Lord of Orleance, your beſt courſe is flying, and therein I will be your follower.
*Rod.* Fly before three, and be thus ſtrong?
'Twere madneſſe.
*Pem.* We trifle time, let's driue them from the Tent.

*Alarum, and drive away Peter and Rodoricke.*

*Pem.* Liue, worthy Philip, Pembrooke bids thee liue,
That did ſuſpect this complot at the tombe,
When in the honour of Prince Ferdinand,
You did reſigne your ſhield.
*Phil.* Th'Earle of Pembrooke!
*Fer.* And Ferdinand that loues thee as his ſoule.
*Phil.* Two liues I owe my ſtarres, beſide mine owne,
In ſending me two friends of ſuch import.
Durſt you aduenture thorow the enemies Campe,
And put your liues in danger to ſaue mine?
*Pem.* The rumour of the Duke of Burbons death,
Hath ſo poſſeſt the Campe with admiration,
That they regardleſſe ſuffer all to paſſe:
Only this, Rodorick wakens them a little;
But cannot weane them from their wondring minds.
*Phil.* That Rodorick is a perfect villayne turn'd:
For though he guided me vnto his Tent,
And gaue his liking that the Duke ſhould dye;
Yet how the villayne cryed to murder me.
But come, in this confuſion let's be gone,
Tis dangerous to abide in Burbons Tent.
Rodoricke, thou art the next muſt taſte of death:
That taske once done, we ſhall with little payne,
Our angry fathers reconcile agayne.

*Alarum, Enter Nauar, Bowyer, Nod, Core, Souldiers, drum and colours.*

*Nau.* The Alarum ſounded in the enemies Campe.
Now for Nauar and Fame, ſtand to it, ſirs.
*Bow.* Hart, ſtand to it? heere's ſome of vs knowes how to runne away, and they be put to it: Though wee haue loſt our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembrooke, yee here's

here's Caualiero Bowyer, Core and Nod, by Ieſu, ſound Cards; and Mahound and Termagant come againſt vs, weele fight with them. Couragio, my hearts, S. George for the honour of England.

*Nau.* The aduerſe part comes on, fight gallantly.

*Enter Fraunce, Flaunders, and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

*Lew.* Is falſe Nauar ſo thirſty to drinke bloud,
That he muſt ioyne the Squadron of his troops,
Before the ſignall of the battel's giuen,
Belike you thought to take vs vnpreparde.
No, king, our wrong hangs like a watch before vs:
And makes vs nomber euery ſhort-lynd minute,
Till your liues anſwere for our Daughters death:
Charge braue ſpirits: Saint Denis now for Fraunce.

*Nau.* Saint Denis for Nauar: Alarum Drums.

*Alarum, they fight, Fraunce put to the worſt, enters Rodorike and Peter, the fight continued, and Nauar driuen in.*

*Lew.* Nauar and his weake forces make retire:
Purſue them, Sirs, the victorie is ours.

*Rod.* Be like ſtaru'd Lions 'mongſt a heard of Beaſts,
Rutheleſſe and bloudy ſlaughters all you meete,
Till proud Nauar be ſlayn, or kiſſe your feet:
Saint Denis, and cry murder through the hoſt.

*Alarum, enter Pembrooke, Ferdinand & Philip.*

*Pem.* He that ſteps forward with a murdring thought,
Marries him ſelfe to death. Fraunce, ceaſe the fight:
They are Frenchmen you purſue, French men you ſhould
Dig not for Traytors loue your ſubiects graue. (laue.

*Lew.* What franticke knights are thoſe that dare oppoſe

Their ſingle force againſt our multitudes? (creaſe,
*Phil.* Thoſe that wiſh you and Fraunce bright fames en-
So you would chaſe hence war, and welcome peace.
*Rod.* That was the Traytor, that ſlew royall Burbon,
*Pet.* Downe with the villaynes.
*Rod.* Souldiers, ſeyze on him,
And then purſue Nauar with ſudden death.
*Fer.* E're the leaſt hayre fall from his kingly head,
Rodorick, thy baſe trunck ſhall be butchered.
*Pem.* Will you accept of peace?
*Lew.* Follow Nauar.
*Pet.* Downe with that murderer.
*Fer.* Zounds, then in ſpight,
Weele ſaue Nauar, and chaſe you hence in fight.
*All.* Ha, ha.
*Pem.* Nay, ſmile not, though our number's few,
Our great hearts tell vs, we ſhall conquere you.
Alarum, and S. George.

*Alarum, they fight. Enter Nauar and his forces: Fraunce chaſe away.*

*Nau.* Fraunce and his daunted forces giues vs ground:
Charge, charge agayne, and we are Conquerours.
*Phil.* Stand, or ne're ſtirre agayne.
*Nau.* What meane theſe Knights?
*Pem.* To ſtop your paſſage this way, great Nauar.
I charge thee, by the duty of a King,
Thy loue to Iuſtice, and thy ſubiects liues,
You ſound retreat, and make a peace with Fraunce.
*Nau.* A peace, and haue the vantage of the day?
*Bow.* That's a tricke, by Ieſu, to mocke an Ape: wee'le
none of that.
*Nau.* Wee'le haue no peace, but what our ſwords can
Follow the chaſe. (make.
*Phil.* Are you growne inſolent?

For

For one light puffe of fortune proues it ſo?
Nay, then our ſwords turne to your ouerthrow.

*Alarum, they fight, and driue in Nauar.*

*Fer.* That was my father that you fought againſt.
*Phil.* You did as much to mine.
*Pem.* Princes, agree: force cānot end this war, but policy.
Therefore diſpearſe your ſelues, and let our Squires,
With Trumpets in their mouthes ſound lowd retreat,
Where you perceiue the fight moſt violent.
The ſtrangeneſſe of which act will ſtraight amaze,
When they ſhall heare both peace and war denounc'd,
And one ſelfe inſtant, they will ſoone retire.
To know the iſſue, Princes, fall to worke:
Tis worke of charity, 'twould doe me good,
If we could end this battell without bloud.
*Fer.* I hope we ſhall: farewell, ile to my charge.
*Pem.* The like will Pembrooke.
*Phil.* Philip is not laſt.
Yet though I ſeeke the ſafety of my frends,
Rodorick ſhall loſe his bloud, e're this fight ends.

*Alarum, excurſions. Enter Peter leading Thomaſin.*

*Pet.* Struggle not, ſtriue not, your ſweete heart Bowyer cannot ſaue you. Without prolixity, you muſt goe with mee.
*Tho.* Helpe, helpe.
*Pet.* And the God of warre come in thy defence, my humour is to kill him. Come away.

*Enter Bowyer.*

*Bow.* By Ieſu, & you go this way, you muſt pay cuſtom. Zounds, you pickt-hatch Caualiero petticote-monger, can you find time now to be catching *Thomaſin*? come, deliuer, or by Zenacrib, & the life of king Charlemayne, ile threſh

your coxcombe, as they doe hennes at Shroouetyde: no, will you not doe, you Tan-fat? zounds, then haue at you.

*They fight, Bowyer hath the wench, reſcued by France, reconcred by Nanar: Philip meetes* Rodorick, *reſcued by Peter: retreat is ſounded, the enemies begin to retire,* Rodorick *chaſ'd by Philip: Enter at ſeuerall doores, after retreate ſounded,* Pembrooke *and* Ferdinand.

*Fer.* Are the Kings ſeuerd? will they bow to peace?
*Pem.* Peace is a welcome gheſt vnto their hearts:
But Rodoricke, like a greedy enuious churle,
Fearing to ſpend his wealth, ſtill keeps them backe,
Tis he exaſperates the Princes hate:
And when our Trumpets call them to retyre,
He with warres clangor ſets them on agayne.
Vnleſſe he be remoou'd, our labour's loſt.
*Fer.* It ſhall not; for ile ſeeke him through the Hoſt,
And with this ſword pare off the Traytors head.
*Pem.* Doe, and ile ſcowre theſe ranks: if Pembroks eye
Encounters his, he meets his Tragedy.

*Alarum, Enter Philip, purſuing* Rodoricke.

*Phil.* Stay, warlike friends, and ayd me in reuenge.
*Fer.* That is Rodoricke.
*Pem.* Heere's the Traytor, ſtrike him downe.
*Phil.* Who lifts his arme at him, ſtrikes at my breſt.
*Rod.* Why haue you thus ring'd me about with ſwords?
*Phil.* To ſhew thee thou muſt dye.
*Rod.* What haue I done,
That thus you labour my deſtruction?
*Pem.* Thou wer't a party in all Burbons wrongs.
*Fer.* Falſely term'd Ferdinand a Rauiſher.
*Pem.* Set diſcord 'twixt theſe Kings.
*Phil.* Practiſed my death.
*Pem.* Villayne, for this, our ſwords ſhall ſtop thy breath.

*Fer.* Stand

*Fer.* Stand not to argue, let's all runne at him.

*Phil.* Now as you loue my loue, or prize mine honour,
Touch not the Traytor, he is Philips foe;
And none but I muſt worke his ouerthrow.
Thrice in the battell he was reſcued from me:
But now hee's falne into the Lyons paw,
From whence the whole world cannot ranſome him.
Preſeruers of my life, heroick friends,
Be you my ſafety, keepe the Souldyers off,
Whilſt in the midſt by fayre and equall fight,
I ſend this Traytor to eternall night.

*Ferd.* By heauen agreed.

*Pem.* Heere Pembrooke takes his ſtand:
Come Fraunce and all the world, I will not ſtart,
Til Philips knightly ſword pearce Rodoricks hart.

*Rod.* Accurſt, I am betrayd, incompaſt round:
Now lyfe and hope and ſtate muſt kiſſe the ground.

*Phil.* Rodorick, thou ſeeſt, all wayes are ſtopt to flie,
Be deſperat then, fight brauely, and ſo die.

*Alarum, they fight: enter to* Pembrooke Nauar, *Bowyer, & Souldiers; to* Ferdinand, Fraunce, Flaunders *& Souldiers: they fight and keepe them backe: Rodoricke would ſcape, ſtill kept in the midſt, and kild by* Philip.

*Phil.* Now are his trecheries repaid with death:
Philip and Pembrooke, ſound your retreats
With better hope; in him all hatred endes:
The kings will now loue peace, & ſoone be friends.

*Exeunt. Enter Peter wounded, Bowter following.*

*Bow.* Zounds, neuer runne for the matter, a ſcratcht face can not ſerue your turne, we muſt haue bloudy noſes: ſtād on your gard: & I do not make haggaſſe puddings of your guttes, Ile neuer dominier in the long Alleyes agayne.

*Peter.* Cymnell, Ile cracke you for this, Ile teach you to deale with Peter de Lions, and that without prolixitie.

*Bow.* Do: haue at you in earneſt: S. George, you rogue.

*Alarum, fight: Bowyer kills him.*

*Bow.* So, there's for your prolixities: there's for Thomaſin: the Thornbackly ſlaue, and he were made of any thing but griſtles, I am a pumpian: 'Shart, he had no mettle in him: yet how the villayne crak't and dominier'd when he was liuing: ah, ſirra, neuer gryn for the matter, 'tis Captayne Bowyer that ſpeaks it. When thou meetſt the great Deuill, commend me to him, and ſay, I ſent him thee for a new yeres gift: and there's one Sarlaboys to, as arrant a bloud-ſucker, and as notable a coward, as euer drew weapon in a bawdy houſe: hee carryes my marke about him: if Dicke Bowyer be not writ a bountifull benefactor in hell for my good deeds, in ſending thither ſuch Canibals, I am a Rabbit-ſucker: yet I ſcorne to vaunt of my deeds too. They ſound a retreat: fareweli, Peter, and learne hereafter what it is to be riuall to an Engliſh gentleman, Caualiero Bowyer, one of the nyne worthyes.

*Exit.*

*A retreyt. Enter at one dore, Fraunce, Flaunders, and Souldiers: at the other dore Nauar, Bowyer, and Souldiers.*

*Lew.* Nauar, why haue you ſounded a retreyt?
Will your proud heart decline and call vs Lord?

*Nau.* We thought by the fayne lãguage of your drums,
Fraunce would haue knowne his errour, and beg'd peace.

*Lew.* Fraunce beg a peace!

*Nau.* Nauar call you his Lord!

*Flan.* Why did you ceaſe the fight, and ſound retreat?

*Bow.* Not we, by this beard: not we, by the life of Pharo:

*Nau.* Your Trumpets guided by your fayning breath,

Dehorted

Dehorted vs from war, and ſounded peace.
*Lew.* Nauar derides vs.
*Nau.* Fraunce, tis you that doo't.
*Lew.* Sound war, and brauely let vs once more too't.

*Enter in the middeſt, Pembrooke, Ferdinand, and Philip.*

*Pem.* Kings of Nauar and Fraunce, why doe you thus
With ciuill butchery wound this bleſſed land,
Which like a mother, from her melting eyes,
Sheds crymſon teares, to ſee you enemyes?
Lewes of Fraunce, wherein hath great Nauar
Dangerd your ſtate, that you ſhould proſecute
War with her largeſt ruine? how hath Fraunce
Sowed ſuch inueterate hate within your breſt,
That to confound him, you will vndergoe
The orphants curſe, the widdowes teares & cries,
Whoſe husbands in theſe warres haue loſt their liues?
E're you contend, diſcourſe your grieuances.
*Lew.* Falſe Ferdinand his ſonne, rauiſht our child.
*Fer.* Now by my Knighthood, honor, and this gage,
Fraunce, ile approue you wrong that Ferdinand.
*Phil.* Who can accuſe him?
*Lew.* That did Rodorick.
*Pem.* That Traytor, for a deed ſo falſe, ſo foule,
Hath anſwered it by this, euen with his ſoule.
*Nau.* Our ſonne, and valours bloome, th'Engliſh Pem-
By Lewes trechery were butchered. (brooke,
*Phil.* Were the whole world ioynd in ſo falſe a thing,
Alone Ide combat all, and cleere the King.
*Pem.* Fraunce neuer had deſigne in their two deaths.
*Nau.* He leagu'd with Burbon, that deſtroyd my child.
*Lew.* He poyſoned her deſeruedly.
*Phil.* That deed of ſhame
Cut off his life, and rac'd out Burbons name.
*Lew.* His death ſhalbe thy death; for thy hand ſlue him.
*Nau.* This other in the battell twice to day,

Made vs retire. Fraunce, ſhall we ioyne in league,
Till we haue veng'd our malice on theſe knights?
*Lew.* Nauar, agreed. Souldiers, this kyld your Lords.
*Nau.* And this our ſame: let's mangle them with ſwords.
*Pem.* Take truce a while with rage: heare what wee'le
This knight ſlew Burbon, this inforſt you fly; (vrge;
Therfore you hate them, and for hate they die.
Since then true vertue is disfigured,
Deſert trod downe, and their heroick worth,
In iuſtice doomd on Traytors merits, Death:
Behold theſe two, which thouſands could not daunt,
But your vngratitude, on bended knee,
Yeeld vp their ſwoords to bide your tyranny.
'Twas he kild Burbon: if you loue him dead,
Shew it by paring off this valiant head:
Do you the like; to this reuenge apace.
They feare not threats, and ſcorne to beg for grace.
*Lew.* And they ſhall find none.
*Nau* Knights, tryumph in death,
We are your headſmen, Kings ſhall ſtop your breath.
*They take off their helmets.*
*Lew.* Philip, my ſonne!
*Nau.* Young Ferd .and my ioy! (ſtroy.
*Pem.* Call them not ſonnes, whom you would fayne de-
*Nau.* Hold not our age too long in deepe ſuſpect.
Art thou Ferdinand?
*Lew.* And thou Philip?
*Fer.* We are the friendly ſonnes of aduerſe parents,
Your long loſt children, though ſuppoſed ſlayne,
We liue, and come to ioy your age agayne.
*Nau.* Welcome all earthly bliſſe.
*Lew.* Welcome, deare child,
Thy preſence halfe our ſorrow hath exil'd.
*Pem.* How ſoon this Scene is chāg'd! thoſe that euē now
Were ſworne warres ſeruants, now to peace do bow:
Then Pembrooke, ſtriue to make their ioyes more full,
See, kingly father, to that princely ſonne.

Pembrooke,

Pembrooke, the hated murderer of his friend:
Pembroke, that did deuiue thee from his ſight,
And cut ſo many paſſages of death,
In his indeared boſome, humbly thus
Forgets his honour, and from your hye hand,
Inuokes reuenge for wounding Ferdinand.
*Fer.* Still he turmounts me in an honour'd loue,
Riſe, friend; or if thou ſtriu'ſt to haue the world,
In me, as in a glaſſe, ſee a falſe friend.
Behold, I kneele, and here proclayme to all,
My friendſhip's broke, but thine ſubſtantiall.
*Na.* Model of vertue, honord Pembroks Earle,
Riſe in as deare regard as Ferdinand.
Oh, had I Bellamira once in hold,
Age would turne youth, & I ſhould ne're be old.
*Lew.* Had I my Katharina once agayne,
Our ioy were then ſtretcht to the higheſt ſtrayne:
But ſhe was rauiſht, and then murthered.
*Phil.* Beare not that hard opinion: Rodoricks young
Slaundred that Prince, and did his vertue wrong.
*Pem.* Lewis of Fraunce, heare what an Engliſh Earle
Speaks in the front and view of all thy Hoſt:
If euer Ferdinand ſtaynd Katharines honour,
I was a party: yet in all your Campe,
Who dares ſtep forth and call me rauiſher?
No, Fraunce, know Pembroke is an Engliſhman,
Highly deriu'd, yet higher in my thoughts;
And for to regiſter mine acts in braſſe,
Which all-deuouring time ſhall ne're race out,
Haue I through all the Courts of Chriſtendome,
In knightly tryall prou'd my vertue ſound,
Raiſd Englands fame aloft; and ſhall I now,
In her next continent, her neighbour Realme,
Fraunce, on whoſe boſome I may ſtand and ſee
That bleſſed ſoyle, that bred and foſtred me,
Soyle all my late got honour, to conſent
Vnto a royall Princes rauiſhment?

Ide ſooner from a mountayne caſt my ſelfe,
Or from a hungry Lyon teare his pray,
Then dare to act a deed ſo infamous: *Enter Ka-*
But words are ayre; Lewis, behold this face; *tharina.*
This proues our honour cleere from all diſgrace.

*Lew.* My Katharine!

*Phil.* My deare ſiſter!

*Fer.* My fayre Loue!

*Pem.* See, Princes, loues effect: ſhe flies your hand,
To liue imbrac't with her deare Ferdinand.

*Lew.* And heauen forbid that we ſhould ſunder them.
Nauar, reach me thy hand: grym war is fled,
And peace ſhall end the ſame in a nuptiall bed.
Sonne Philip, ratify your ſiſters choyce.

*Phil.* Euen with my ſoule: for euer liue you bleſt.
Oh Bellamira, had not curſed Burbon,
For beauty robd thy cheeks with Leproſie:
Hadſt thou but ſtayd with me, as is their ſtate,
So had bin mine, happy and fortunate.

*Enter Clowne attyred like a Gentleman, Bellamira following with a Scarfe on her face.*

*Clow.* By your leaue, ſweet bloods: may a Gentleman or ſo, deceyue two or three ounces of words in this aſſembly?

*Lew.* You may.

*Clow.* Is there not a young Kings ſonne amongſt you, who treading the ſteps of his father, is called Philip?

*Phil.* I am the man thou ſeekſt.

*Clow.* Then the old ſaying is verified, He that ſeeks, ſhall find. Heere is a poore kinſwoman of mine would deſire ſome priuate conference with you, or ſo.

*Phil.* With mee? whom ſee I? Bellamira!

*Nau.* Daughter!

*Phil.* Do not deride my woes, ſpeake, ſpeake, I pray.

*Pem.* Looke not ſo ſtrange, it is thy louely Loue,

Thus manag'd, to approue thy conſtancy.
Embrace her then: and now Nauar and Fraunce,
Here end your ſtrife, and let all hatred fall,
And turne this warre to Hymens feſtiuall.

*Nau.* This Pembrooks counſell we ſubſcribe vnto.

*Lew.* The like doth France: Louers imbrace your Loues;
And Captaines, ioyne your Bands, mix power with power,
And let thoſe ſwords, which late were drawne for death,
Sleepe in their ſheathes. You, worthy Pembrooke,
And all your followers, ſhall receyue our fauours,
In plenteous largeſſe: ſo, ſet on to Court;
Sound Drums and Trumpets, deafe the ayre with cryes,
And fill eche ſubiects heart with ioyes increaſe,
T'applaud our childrens loue, and this dayes peace.

FINIS.

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